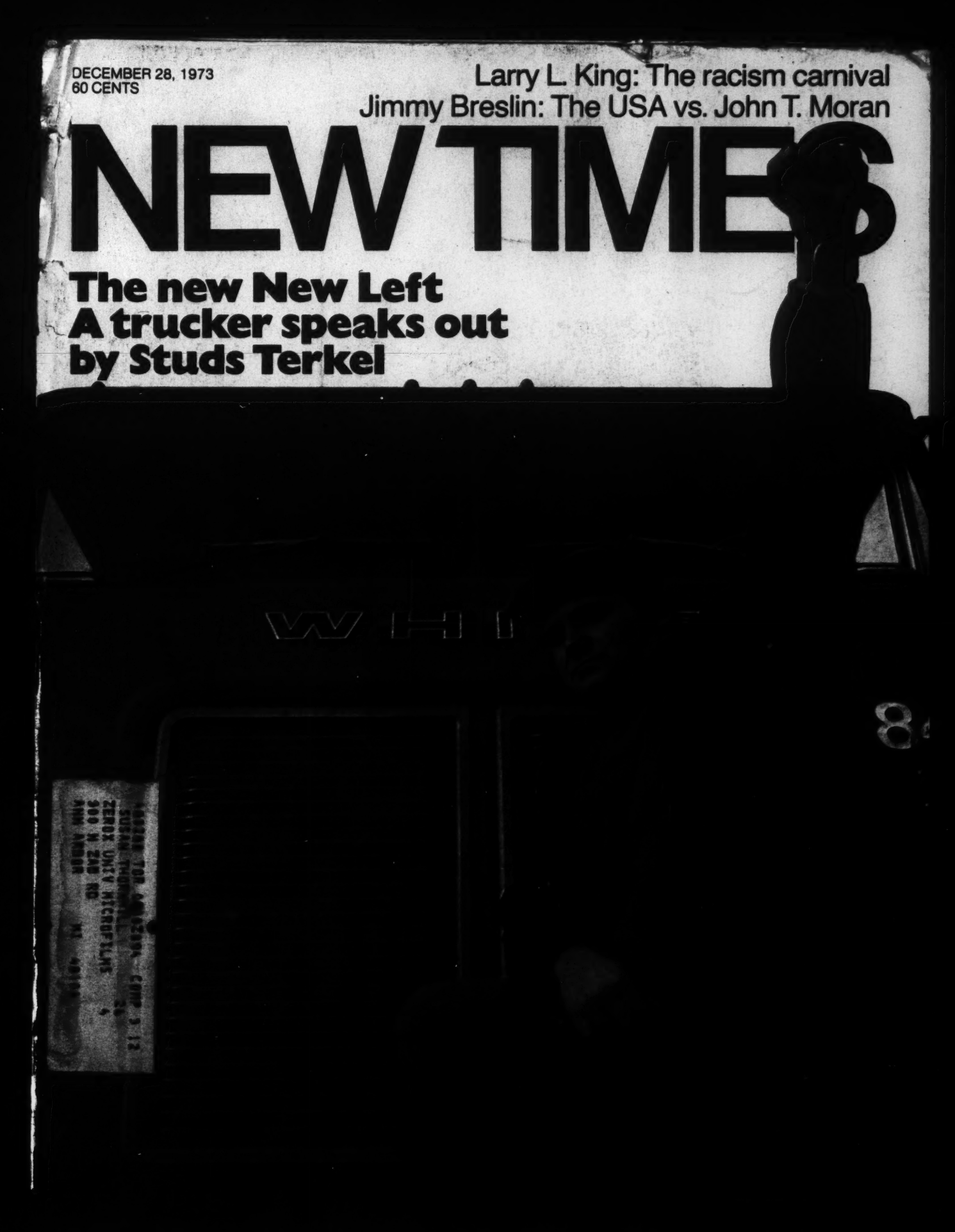
DECEMBER 28, 1973
60 CENTS

Larry L. King: The racism carnival
Jimmy Breslin: The USA vs. John T. Moran

NEW TIMES

The new New Left
A trucker speaks out
by Studs Terkel



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NEW TIMES *December 28, 1973*
Volume 1, Number 6

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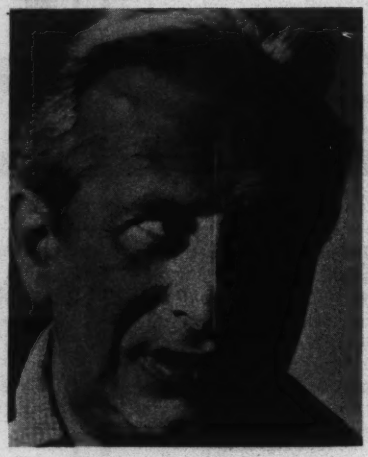
BEHIND THE SCENES

Studs Terkel



Nora Sayre

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL KREMENTZ

For years now Studs Terkel has been plumbing the depths of American life by conducting countless interviews with fellow citizens whose names are anything but household words. By talking to the often faceless working people, elderly and disadvantaged of our society, Terkel has put together one book that helped define the '60s (*Division Street: America*) and another that dramatized the social legacy of the '30s (*Hard Times: An Oral History of the Great Depression*). As anyone who has heard Terkel's radio show, which originates out of his home town of Chicago, knows, he is a journalist who has a unique rapport with the widest conceivable cross-section of this country's population.

Contributing Editor Terkel was thus the natural choice to talk to one of the angry truckers for this issue's cover story. What he found was a dramatic shift away from the attitudes that made the overwhelming majority of these men vote for Nixon last year. "They know the government's absolutely incompetent," he says, "and the awareness of this is hitting them spontaneously. Sometimes the awareness process is slow, sometimes quick. They're not going to become A.J. Mustes or Martin Luther Kings overnight. But a big event, like a major recession, could be a lever and accelerate it. These people had been taught that America was number one and all that. Now that the crisis has become personal and hits them directly, they feel betrayed."

Ironically enough, as the once-isolated truckers begin to band together, younger Americans of the '70s are proving far less homogeneous than their counterparts of the '60s, many of whom were then linked together by a common culture. That's what Nora Sayre discovered while covering 15-year-old Guru Maharaj Ji (who just last week turned 16) and his followers for NEW TIMES.

"Some members of the media have been quick to assume that this movement has absorbed a lot of radicals from the '60s," she adds, "but when I began to research the subject from that point of view, I found it to be a fallacy." Besides being "one of the many manifestations of the religious revival that's intrinsic to the '70s," she says, the Divine Light operation "has to be understood as a symptom of fragmentation—rather than an indication of what's happened to the counterculture."

George A. Hirsch

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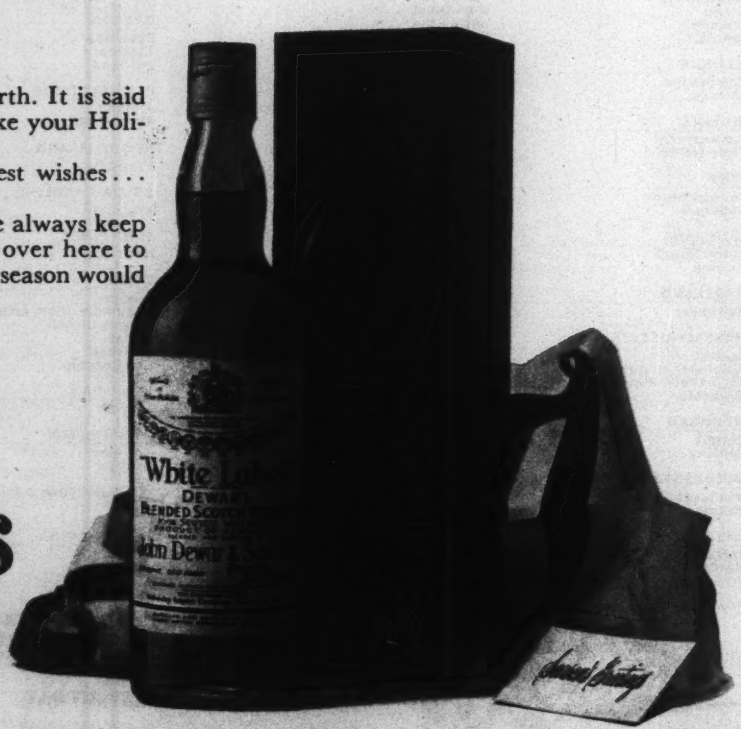

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The Insider THE WORD

The new Boston Strangler flap

Blueprint for murder

Right after self-styled Boston Strangler Albert DeSalvo was found murdered in his Walpole prison cell, the Boston *Herald American* announced it would print a 13-part series of DeSalvo confessions detailing how he carried out his murders. This did not sit well with several young women reporters on the newspaper, who wrote a petition to the editors asking that the series not be published.

Calling the story an "inflamatory blueprint for murder," the women pointed out that the *Herald American* had itself, in a strong editorial, blamed a TV movie for the notorious torch murder of a young Boston woman. The ABC TV movie *Fuzz*, which was aired the night before the murder, had depicted a torch murder.

The editors told the reporters they were being "insubordinate" and committing "fireable offenses." But after phone calls from Boston Mayor Kevin White, police commissioner Robert di Grazia and Harvard President Derek Bok—all of whom protested the series—the publisher of the paper pulled the plate of the first "Strangler" serial 20 minutes before it would have gone to press.

Nevertheless, the editors refused to admit its own reporters were right and explained the story had been pulled because of an obscure state law prohibiting the arbitrary printing of stories about news figures who had faded from the scene.

Nixon saves face

The Chicago *Daily News* recently ran a column by Mike Royko about a 26-year-old Vietnam veteran who had his face blown away by a rocket in 1968. Leroy Bailey was blinded and his face so disfigured he could not eat solid food. After being discharged from the Army, Bailey had several operations which failed to rebuild his face. But then he discovered an Oak Brook plastic surgeon who had developed a new technique that held out some promise. The Veterans Administration, however, refused to pay the bills.

"If we can afford $5 million to make the San Clemente property prettier," Royko wrote, "we can do whatever is humanly possible for this man's face." For one time, it turned out, the President listened to what the papers had to say. He read the column and became so upset he personally called VA director Donald Johnson. According to spokesman Kenneth Clawson, the President "instructed Mr. Johnson to get cracking and get that boy into a VA hospital, regardless of what the VA rules may be." Bailey was taken to the hospital the same day.

Hepburn: reel trouble

Reeling and dealing

Hollywood's best and brightest were carefully assembled by ABC in the Directors Guild Theater in Los Angeles to view the network's hoped for coup of the year, Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie* starring Katharine Hepburn. Hushed and apprehensive, the audience watched through two-thirds of the TV play when it suddenly went off the screen. After much muttering and squirming, the curtain came down and out on stage strode an embarrassed ABC executive: "Ladies and gentlemen, I don't know how to tell you this, but we've lost the last reel."

For Miss Hepburn, the event smacked of conspiracy. Only last month, during the critic's screening of the American Film Theatre's *A Delicate Balance*—in which Miss Hepburn also stars—two reels were reversed.

Ashe: not black at all

Ashe is curious yellow

It took Arthur Ashe a long time to get to South Africa. Which is not too surprising considering the Nationalist government's apartheid policy and Ashe's remark a few years back that he wouldn't mind dropping an atom bomb on Johannesburg. Ashe was banned twice from visiting the country because of his "general antagonism."

Nevertheless, Ashe vowed "to put a crack in that racist wall down there." He has more than succeeded. After being shut out of most international competition, the South Africans have liberalized their sports policy and now officially encourage visits by black athletes. In his recent visit, Ashe not only won $5,000 in the South African Open Tennis Championship; more significantly, for over a week in Johannesburg's posh white suburbs, Ashe emerged as the darling of the dinner-party set. And in Soweto, Johannesburg's sprawling black dormitory community which houses close to a million, Ashe was mobbed by idolizing young Africans and obligingly autographed their identity passes which they must carry to move around the country.

Ashe's instant popularity, of course, was troubling for the color-conscious powers that be. "Perhaps the biggest surprise," backhanded the Johannesburg *Star*, "is that he is not black at all. The pigmentation of the player who represents blacks in world tennis is more brown or oriental yellow."

Seasick Czech mate

It has not been an easy trip for Lubos Kohoutek, the Czech astronomer who, aboard the Queen Elizabeth II, has been following the tail of the comet named after him. On deck every morning at 4 a.m., Kohoutek and a gaggle of other astronomers have thus far encountered only freezing temperatures and a cloudy sky. Kohoutek has been so seasick throughout the trip that, at last word, he canceled his scheduled lectures on the comet to his assembled colleagues. Isaac Asimov filled in.

Gandhi: energy whoas

Hum buggy

India has enough problems to worry about without the energy crisis. But despite Indira Gandhi's pro-Arab rubbernecking, the price of gas in India has still soared to $1.70 a gallon. So Mrs. Gandhi decided to take stern measures of her own. She traded in her six-door imported limousine for a horse-drawn buggy. It was a well-intentioned gesture, but the sizable number of security cars which escort her open buggy more than outconsumed her former auto.

POWER POLITICS

Common Cause falls out on impeachment; Senate liberals cop out on abortion; John Lindsay takes a breather

The Insider: Politics

The conjecture in Washington is no longer *if* Nixon will resign or be impeached, but simply *when* and *how* he will go. Since Gerald Ford was sworn in, the feeling among many normally cautious congressmen has been "something is about to happen." Said one Washington insider: "Everyone is waiting for Egil Krogh to talk. If he incriminates Ehrlichman or Haldeman, which is quite likely, they would be faced with jail and might turn on Nixon too." As for when, the original rosy predictions of "by Christmas" are now thought a bit premature for the Capitol's lumbering ways. Now the consensus is "by spring."

Gardner: "playing dead"

Meanwhile, the impeachment talk has created some serious cracks in the left-liberal coalition. Those groups calling for impeachment (the ACLU, the AFL-CIO, the ADA and the UAW) are furious at the other liberal groups that have held back—most notably John Gardner's Common Cause, which supports hearings into impeachment but no more. The ADA's Joseph Rauh said he had "no sympathy for Common Cause for playing dead on the great issue of impeachment."

The NAACP and the Jewish Anti-Defamation League have also come under fire for not taking a stand. "We've disagreed before," says one liberal lobbyist on Capitol Hill, "but this is more serious. Those backing impeachment just can't understand why the others haven't joined in."

Former Secretary of the Interior Wally Hickel has been talking a political comeback in Alaska for a long time. One of the first castaways from the Nixon Administration, Wally now figures Watergate has more than vindicated him and he's ready to run. Around New Year's, Hickel is expected to announce he will campaign next year for either governor or senator—and the safe money is on a race against Democratic Governor William Egan.

Having lost the war on abortion, the right-to-life congressmen are now conducting a number of very effective rear-guard guerrilla maneuvers to contain the issue. One by one, a series of amendments are being tacked on legislative bills to undercut federal support of abortion. The most serious action was the Buckley-Curtis amendment to the Social Security bill which bans the use of Medicaid funds to pay for abortions. (One-third of the abortions performed in New York are paid for by Medicaid.)

Other antiabortion amendments: removing the requirement that hospitals must provide their facilities for abortions or sterilizations if they receive Medicaid or Medicare funds; a ban on the use of foreign aid funds for research, information, or the practice of abortion; a proposed amendment that would prohibit the Legal Services Corporation from using federal funds to take abortion-related cases.

What annoys women's groups the most about these legislative defeats is that Senate liberals are copping out and letting them go by. When it comes to protecting women's right to abortion, men like Humphrey and Mondale are "sitting on the fence," according to NOW lobbyist Jan Liebman. "I haven't seen anyone except Jacob Javits who is willing to be up front on this," says Ms. Liebman. "Fulbright voted for us once. The rest of them just don't want to be there. Kennedy is doing his best not to be drawn into this issue."

Lindsay: gone fishing

New York cabbies, not to mention other elements of New York's finest, will not have John Lindsay to kick around for a long while. On January 1, Lindsay retires as Mayor of New York after eight years on what he calls the toughest job in the country next to the President's.

His plan is to drop out for at least eight months and go on R & R—sailing in the Caribbean, skiing in Austria, traveling through Europe and Africa and summering on Majorca. Only then, when he has relaxed and returned to New York, will he consider the stream of job offers that have been coming in. In particular, three offers from top law firms, one university presidency and the head position of a major communications company. His political comeback is tentatively set for 1976 when he may run against New York Senator James Buckley. Until then, one of his closest aides has been instructed to keep a detailed file on the senator.

ALIVE AND WELL

Fall-out on the war on cancer; Cutting the fat out of your blood; Don't eat this magazine

The Insider : Health

President Nixon's war on cancer has bogged down in an administrative tangle. As mandated in the National Cancer Act of 1971, the program mainlined heavy doses of research money into the National Cancer Institute and separated its budget from the other federal medical research programs.

But at a recent luncheon Dr. Charles C. Edwards, HEW Assistant Secretary for Health, said that the Cancer Act was a mistake, that it did not make sense administratively to have a separate budget for cancer. And a few days later, NCI director Frank J. Rauscher Jr. admitted that the Cancer Act had actually increased the red tape involved in approving research contracts. A year ago the process of approving contracts was bad enough—taking about five months. But now it takes two months longer. So much for speeding up the war on cancer.

Of the 528 major airports in the U.S., only New York's JFK could handle the mass injuries of a major jumbo-jet crash. The reason, according to *Medical World News*, is that more than 20 years ago, two individual MD's, Dr. Leon Star and Dr. Louis Abelson—both aviation buffs and licensed pilots—set up practice at the airport. Today they not only run an office that employs 14 other doctors and 13 nurses and ministers to both passengers and airline personnel around the clock, but together with the New York Port Authority they have worked out a disaster plan.

At the call of "signal 34," a $25,000 Mobile Inflatable Treatment Unit, similar to those used in Vietnam, can be towed out on a runway to a crash site and set up—with full medical and surgical equipment and space for 40 beds—within 20 minutes.

Chrysanthemums are not good gifts to send a friend recuperating in a hospital. California plant researchers recently reported in *Lancet* that they had discovered chrysanthemum leaves and buds are often contaminated with a type of bacteria known to cause serious infections among hospitalized patients.

About 11 percent of all Americans are allergic to cheap jewelry. Dermatologists recently studied 1,200 allergy patients across the country to find out what substances most commonly produce skin allergies. They came up with the surprising conclusion that number one on the list is nickel sulfate, often used to plate watchbands, earrings and other costume jewelry.

For the first time it has been shown that you *can* lower your blood pressure by changing what you eat. A Department of Agriculture nutritionist, Dr. James M. Iacono, recently put 21 people, 10 men and 11 women, on a low-fat diet—no whole eggs, whole milk, cream, butter, bacon or sausage—a diet in which only 25 percent of the calories were provided by fats. (In the average American diet, by contrast, 40 to 45 percent of the calories come from fats.) During the 40-day study, the average blood pressure of the men dropped from 145/85 to 125/75, while that of women dropped from 129/76 to 121/71.

Ear-piercing now joins tattooing, hypodermic needles and blood transfusions as a potential cause of spreading viral hepatitis. During the past year, seven young women in Seattle contracted the disease after having their ears pierced by jewelers who did not adequately sterilize their needles between customers.

Caution: eating this magazine is hazardous to your health. Biochemists at the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station recently investigated a case of lead poisoning in a child who had developed a taste for leaves, grass, dirt, newspapers and magazines (but not paint chips, the customary cause of lead poisoning). When the researchers tested magazines, they discovered that color pages contain, on an average, significant amounts of lead.

Yellow is by far the most toxic color, with 29,000 parts per million of lead—more than five times as much as now permitted in paint. Red, blue and black follow in that order. A kid who chews up a four-square-inch color picture each day is getting a dose that could be poisonous. The researchers made no report on which magazines tasted best.

ILLUSTRATION BY WARREN FEDULLO

THE BOTTOM LINE

The energy crisis oversell; Anti-monopoly; Do-it-yourself divorce

The Insider: Business

Wall Street economists for one group, are not buying the oil companies' dire predictions of mass unemployment, blackouts and recession should the Arab oil embargo and energy cutbacks continue. "Two things are clearly true," says William Wolman, chief economist of Argus Research Corp., an independent analytical service. "The oil companies are being very alarmist about the situation and the oil companies want to maximize profit."

Most economists are modifying their original economic forecasts for next year, made before the oil embargo occurred, by only modest degrees: gross national product down only one percent, inflation up only one percent.

The problem for the oil companies, particularly the Arab-dependent companies—and the reason behind the flurry of panicky press releases from the oil companies—is that the longer the Arab oil embargo continues, the greater the pressure on the U.S. to develop alternative energy sources.

Based on current and proposed nuclear power construction activity, Argus estimates that nuclear energy, which now provides a negligible 2.7 percent of our total kilowatt capacity, will provide more than 45 percent of the total by 1985.

Such a development, of course, seriously threatens the long-term prospects of the multi-billion-dollar oil bonanza. The companies' objective: to scare the American people into making a fast deal with the Arabs to end the embargo. They are confident of success and oil sources are now predicting the embargo will be lifted in no more than three months.—Dan Rosen

BLOW UP THE PIPELINES AND LET THE YANKEE BASTARDS FREEZE IN THE DARK. That's what bumper stickers in Louisiana are saying. Why? Because Louisiana produces 35 percent of this country's domestically produced gas, exports 75 percent of that amount and, like the oil companies, wants to make a little money off the energy crisis.

Last week Governor Edwin Edwards called a special session of the state legislature to raise the tax on all natural gas leaving the state. The additional revenue will amount to an estimated $358 million, most of which will be quickly returned to the people—by dropping the sales tax on food and drugs and allowing federal income tax payments to be deducted from the taxable state income. The savings per taxpayer is estimated at around $75.

No sooner did the contestants of the national Monopoly championships pick up their hotels from Boardwalk and Park Place and go back to their hotels, than they had a new game to ponder: Anti-Monopoly. Produced by the Computer Industry Association of Encino, Calif., the game plays on distinctly anti-capitalist motivations. Each player is a "trust-buster" and the object is to make the most effective use of your budget to bring about antitrust indictments against the monopolies, trusts or oligopolies that circle the playing board.

Like the original game, it is played with dice, and cards are drawn from a "Mailbox." Sample: "The Washington *News* has revealed that you have dragged your feet in an anti-trust action . . . Pay a fine of $200." The winner is the one who spends the least amount of money to get the most antitrust indictments. "Fun for all ages, 7 to 70," especially for those without portfolios.

James A. Winder of Greece, N.Y., doesn't like lawyers. He has a red bumper sticker on his car that reads "Stop Government by Lawyers" and markets do-it-yourself lawyer kits. He sold more than 100 Divorce Yourself kits at $75 each for couples who want to work out their own settlements—until the New York Bar Association brought a civil action against him in 1972, claiming he was practicing law without a license.

ILLUSTRATION BY JERRY ZIMMERMAN

Winder hired a Buffalo attorney to defend him and promptly lost the case. On appeal, he decided to put his philosophy to work and argued his own case. He won.

Now Divorce Yourself, Inc. is back in business and Winder has expanded his product line, including a $29.95 real estate kit and $7.95 kit explaining how to draw up a legal will. The kits are really quite simple, says Winder: "Like painting by numbers."

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THE SEVENTIES

Scoring on the love scale; Faking it on the law boards; And playground busting in Baltimore

The Insider: Behavior

Dr. Alvin Pam, a researcher at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, reports he and his colleagues have developed a workable test to measure love. The test consists of 40 general statements about the person you think you love, for instance, "he (she) does not say or do things which embarrass you," or "you get very angry if someone hurts him (her)." The person filling out the questionnaire rates the answers from 10 points (the most you ever felt that way about anyone) down to 0 (you do not feel that way at all).

According to the study, which was tested on college students, a score of over 340 on the love scale—or an average of 8.5 on each question—"has a probability that is virtually 100 percent of reflecting a person who is in love with his partner." Many of Dr. Pam's colleagues don't see love as an appropriate subject for the lab. But Dr. Pam, who hopes the test will help tell how long premarital or marriage relationships will last, thinks it is important to begin scientific research on an emotion he believes is conditioned and not innate. "The scientific literature in this field is unsatisfactory," Pam says. "Poets and philosophers have more to say about love than psychiatrists."

An estimated 140,000 applicants will take the law boards this year to qualify for roughly 35,000 law school openings. That means one out of four is going to make it. And because of the pressure, some students are turning to growing numbers of professional "ringers" to take the tests for them. A spokesman at the Educational Testing Service in Princeton, N.J.—which administers the tests and is considerably worried by the ringers—admits that some of them have gone so far as to advertise their services on college bulletin boards. To put a stop to the ringers, ETS this year initiated the fingerprinting of law school applicants and so far, the spokesman says, have drawn little flak from the testees.

The old-time juvenile farm is on the way out in Tucson, Ariz., and to take its place the city is starting Vision Quest, a program based on the American Indian philosophy of looking at life as a circle—in which people pass through good and bad cycles—rather than a one-way line from good to evil. From now on youth offenders will be kept in group homes in the community rather than isolated on the prison-like "juve farm."

But before they move into the homes, the boys are sent on a survival trip into the desert to learn self-reliance and find themselves as men. The concept is the same as the wilderness-survival tests young Indians took. The only equipment the boys are allowed to take along are a stick, a piece of string and a plastic sheet.

Elmley Playground in the lower middle-class neighborhood of northeast Baltimore used to be a gathering place and learning stage for the area's white kids. A lot of good basketball was played there year round and sometimes blacks from other schoolyards and playgrounds would visit Elmley to play. There was a lot of drugs—drinking cough medicine, pill taking and some heroin usage—and occasionally some public sex. The kids would gather there in the summer, sometimes 100 strong, and raise hell all hours of the night. Cops used to raid the place regularly. But that was all right, even though a few neighbors did complain, because, what the hell, they were neighborhood kids. And, more important, they were white.

About four years ago, the advancing color line from the east brought in more black kids to the playground. This made the people who lived in the surrounding blocks nervous. The local improvement association started sending feelers toward city hall and one man who lives across from center court allowed as he didn't like "niggers." Period.

So no one was surprised when a city work crew from the Department of Recreation recently pulled up at Elmley in a truck. Not only did they take down the rims, they removed the basketball backboards. The move worked. The blacks didn't come around much anymore and the area kids went back to doing their thing by themselves. "It never was a matter of race," said one recreation superintendent. "The goals will stay down but we're trying to teach them other games—like soccer."—Joe Nawroski

ILLUSTRATION BY CLARK FRANKEL

THE NEW TIMES GUIDE TO THE

arts

At the movies

Don't Look Now. A fabulous exercise in style by director Nicolas Roeg, from a Daphne DuMaurier story about love, clairvoyance and death in a wintry Venice. The director orchestrates his images (grotesque gargoyles, dark catacomb-like Venetian pathways, mysterious blood-red figures) superbly, often reflecting them in shimmering canals or mirrors, until they climax in a dynamic crescendo of Poe-like terror. This technique is not labored: *Don't Look Now* is so much in control that it could serve as a model of how to shoot and edit this kind of movie. While this kind of movie (like *Performance*, which Roeg co-directed) *is* hokey and essentially thin, this one works to the limits of its nature—which can be viewed as either pop occult melodrama or obsessive 19th-century romance. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland, as a couple struggling with an unknown "danger," provide priceless elegance and conviction. Their love-making scene—interspliced with shots of their post-orgasm dressing—is as intimate and moving as any in recent memory.

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe. A Hitchcockian premise—an eccentric musician becomes an unwitting and unaware pawn in a battle among secret intelligence forces—is the basis for a French farce. The movie is delightful to look at, well-acted, long on charm and short on laughs. Directed by Yves Robert and starring Pierre Richard, a Gallic Danny Kaye.

La Bonne Annee (Happy New Year). Claude Lelouch (*A Man and A Woman; Money, Money, Money*) is all over the place in this engaging comedy: striking back at his critics, extolling the alleged virtues of "real" working-class men over simpering intellectuals, giving his analysis of 1960's French social history and trying feebly to say something about liberated women (his free-spirited heroine seems as mystifying to him as the sphinx). The plot deals with two professional crooks who try to knock off the Cannes branch of Van Cleef & Arpels; after this movie and *The Crook*, one gets the feeling Lelouch would be content to spin out caper films but forces himself to make "a statement" each time, despite the fact he has little to say. Ignore the cutesy-pie and soft-headed stuff and you will have a delicious time. Lino Ventura is great as the contradictory crook-hero, world-weary as well as naive, gutsy as well as bourgeois. Francoise Fabian (*My Night at Maud's*) brings more intelligence to her role than this or nearly any other film can contain; she is what great beauty is all about.

Ventura and Fabian in Lelouch's Happy New Year: *a crook encounters a sphinx.*

The Serpent. A yawn of an espionage thriller, not unreminiscent of *Topaz* in terms of plot, but totally lacking in excitement and point-of-view. Claude Renoir's cinematography cannot mask Henri Verneuil's ramshackle direction, which makes the familiar material seem more clammy than ever. Henry Fonda, Yul Brynner, Philippe Noiret, Dirk Bogarde and Michel Bouquet must have been on vacation when they made this one.

Ash Wednesday. Director Larry Peerce (*Goodbye, Columbus; A Separate Peace*) has sunk to his natural level with this compendium of cliches about a Grosse Pointe matron who suffers through fancy on-screen (yecch) body sculpture to try to hold on to her philandering husband. Elizabeth Taylor does all that anyone could ask with her thankless role, and Henry Fonda and Keith Baxter are as sturdy as usual as her spouse and new-found ski-resort friend, respectively. The film's bright-

est scene, though, centers on Margaret Blye, who plays Taylor's independent 30-year-old daughter. When Blye gets into a good movie, she could be something else.

Executive Action. How could anyone make a dull film about Mark Lane's provocative JFK-assassination speculations? If you really want to know, here's your chance to find out. Director David Miller has blended a relentlessly uncompelling Dalton Trumbo screenplay with old news footage to build a conspiracy so passionless people who watch it might start believing the Warren Commission again. The late Robert Ryan, Will Geer and Burt Lancaster—good men all—walk through some interchangeable non-roles.

The Long Goodbye. Robert Altman's brilliant neon soul ballad for contemporary L.A., a frontier boom town gone bust. The director's inspiration for this highly original and striking vision is one of Raymond Chandler's Phillip Marlowe novels—but this film has about as much in common with the detective genre as his *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* did with the western. Believe it or not, Elliot Gould is great as the rumpled and ill-shaven private eye: a quintessential Altman hero, full of humor and a constant, if fatalistic, sense of integrity.

The Don Is Dead. This third-rate burglary of *The Godfather* is distinguished only by an unintentionally funny climax and the so-bad-it's-almost-good acting of Anthony Quinn, Robert Forster and Angel Tompkins. Directed by Richard Fleischer.

Breezy. This picture, directed with extreme disinterest by Clint Eastwood from a screenplay by Jo Heims, actually asks us to ponder whether a 17-year-old "hippie" can find happiness with a jaded middle-aged real estate huckster in southern California. Good God! Star William Holden projects so much sincerity that his appearance here borders on the obscene. Among the supporting cast is a dog named Earle, playing a dog named Sir Love-A-Lot. Maybe someone should call the ASPCA.

Five on the Black Hand Side. A truly refreshing and spirited comedy about a mainstream middle-class black family, adapted by Charlie L. Russell from his off-Broadway play. While the script is not without contrivances and director Oscar Williams hasn't solved all the problems of adapting a play to the screen, there is more than enough wit and warmth to go around. The gifted cast includes Leonard Johnson, Glynn Turman, Virginia Capers and D'Urville Martin. As a meek, middle-aged mom who goes in for women's lib, Clarice Taylor establishes herself as a comic actress to be reckoned with.

Hurry Up, Or I'll Be 30. A post-adolescent Brooklyn schnook learns something about women and his parents in this sentimental romance co-written and directed by Joseph Jacoby. Nothing new here, but at least it's not offensive. John Lefkowitz is okay as the *Marty* character and Linda DeCoff gets across the brittle and sometimes affecting graces of the struggling actress who inexplicably leads the hero astray.

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams. A menopausal couple attempts to come to terms with a rather conventional past, a homosexual son and their love for each other in this perfectly awful drama by Stewart Stern, who wrote *Rachel, Rachel*. Director Gilbert Cates tries desperately to come off as an American Ingmar Bergman, but this film has more in common with stale soap than with *Wild Strawberries*. Joanne Woodward and Martin Balsam struggle valiantly as the leads.

The Pyx. An all-thumbs attempt by director Harvey Hart to rip off *Rosemary's Baby* and *Klute* in one fell swoop. It's depressing for all the wrong reasons. With Karen Black and Christopher Plummer.

England Made Me. Peter Duffell directed this exquisite entertainment, based on an early Graham Greene novel and dealing with the adventures of a consummate British good guy of the appeasement era (Michael York) who has to choose between the love he has for his sister (Hildegard Neil) and his ingrained national values. The film is successful in meeting goals that are limited and not exactly original. Peter Finch, as a corrupt industrialist in pre-war Germany, continues to demonstrate that he is an actor of commanding intelligence. Michael Hordern and Joss Ackland are also on hand.

At the theater

The Visit. Billionairess Clara Zachanassian forces "The Flying Dutchman" express to a halt in Gullen, so that she may visit her whistle-stop hometown. The German village barely breathes—its industry abandoned, its people penniless and spiritless. Now Clara returns with an entourage of lackeys and a promise of money to the town. But in exchange for this generosity she demands that Anton Schill, once her lover now a mousy merchant, be murdered. Schill's slanderous lies drove her from Gullen when she was 17 and seven months pregnant with his child. Clara warns, "The World made me into a whore and now I'll make it into a brothel." She offers a billion marks—can Gul-

John McMartin and Rachel Roberts in Cheminde Fer: *delightful dalliances from fidelity.*

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len afford not to surrender Schill? Rachel Roberts, with all the debauched beauty of a Toulouse Lautrec madame, seethes with bitterness and treachery as Clara. No one ever doubts she will have her revenge. John McMartin as Anton Schill is an appropriately impotent victim. Director Hal Prince, together with the superb New Phoenix Repertory Company, has given Broadway an unequivocal hit.

Chemin de Fer. Another triumph by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. Feydeau's farce combines slapstick humor with French finesse. What is there not to like? Delightful dalliances from fidelity, madcap misadventures—clownish antics played purely for laughs. Rachel Roberts—part Tammy Grimes, part Carol Channing—is irresis ti bly indiscreet as Francine the philandering wife. Her amiable amour, John McMartin, fusses and frets comically. Edward Burbridge's sets lend perfectly to the frolic and frivolity of Feydeau's Paris.

The Good Doctor. Neil Simon's variations on a theme by Chekhov provide sweet music. Laughter needs no encouragement, Chekhov's tales abound in merriment. Yet not all the playlets rely on comedy. And this is where we discover a mellow, more mature Neil Simon. A brief encounter between an autumnal couple wondering whether it's "Too Late for Happiness," or the wise father who arranges for his son to learn the pleasures of sex firsthand (in spite of the youth's protestations, "Couldn't I take a correspondence course?") reveal new dimensions in Simon. He is still the master of humor when depicting an overzealous dental student extracting a tooth from an unwilling patient, or a bullying fishwife extracting a loan from a gout-ridden banker. Christopher Plummer as the good doctor proves a deft storyteller. He guides the audience through Chekhov's folklore as if flourishing a magic wand.

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder? Yippee! A play packing more action than a Colt .45. Viperous, desperate people trapped in a New Mexico cafe clawing to keep alive. Steven, "Born Dead" tattooed on his arm; Angel, all hair ribbons and baby fat; Lyle, too good and too honest—characters so genuine director Kenneth Frankel surely lassoed them off some parched range. *Red Ryder* should stay in the saddle a long, long time.

Moonchildren. Eight college roommates, friends and lovers, coasting through those mid-'60 times when Vietnam was still our patriotic mission. At times funny, more often contrived, consistently as sweet as cotton candy, *Moonchildren* may well rot your teeth.

Veronica's Room. Not so much a "whodunnit" as a "whodunwhat." Arthur Kennedy and Eileen Heckart as aging necrophiliacs who snare victims in a somewhat clumsy web spun by Ira Levin (*Rosemary's Baby*). First-class acting and a magnificent set rescue this made-for-television thriller.

In books

Creative Divorce: A New Opportunity for Personal Growth *by Mel Krantzler* (Evans, 288 pp., $6.95). Mel Krantzler, PhD, is an unctuously sincere "divorce therapist" with a mostly female clientele that sounds like Forest Hills, Queens, run amuck in a suburban tract of California. Mr. Krantzler, by his own admission, used to be a male chauvinist pig (just think how that affected the women he's counseled over the last couple of decades!). He had a hard time after his own divorce partly because he felt demeaned by having to do things like push a shopping cart or wash his own underwear ("women's work"). Poor Mel Krantzler. . . . But his adjustment has been splendid. He has, after all, written a book that *oozes* reassurance—and seems headed toward the best-seller list (the *Ladies Home Journal* will be running it in eight installments; *Harper's Bazaar* has a cover-line interview lined up for January; paperback rights have been sold to NAL). The basic premise of *Creative Divorce* is that psychologically a divorce is second in impact only to the death of a loved one, that it is something to be mourned and gotten over, the stepping-off point toward a new life of personal fulfillment. Very nice. But the book could have been written in one chapter. It does have some moderately poignant case histories—like the woman whose husband wanted her to spoon-feed him his soup—but there just aren't enough to keep the book from being a bore.

The Juniper Tree: *Maurice Sendak's illustration for "The Three Feathers."*

The Juniper Tree and Other Tales from Grimm *Selected by Lore Segal and Maurice Sendak. Translated from the German by Lore Segal and Randall Jarrell. Pictures by Maurice Sendak* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 332 pp., $12.95). Whatever cautionary words one might say about *The Juniper Tree*, it's destined to wind up on every middle-class child's bookshelf. In a way, it deserves to be there: the stories are high camp, for the most part gorgeously written (and translated) and

Sendak's illustrations are, as ever, *wonderful*. One tale, "Mrs. Gertrude," a two-pager in which an "obstinate and willful" little girl who does not obey her parents winds up transformed into a log to brighten the hearth of a witch (don't listen to mommy and you'll burn—one way or the other) may alone be worth the book's price; it's an exceptionally fine short story. But the real question, it seems to us, is whether you really want your children to read these items. . . . The stories are wildly sexist—as well as racist and classist. Peasant women (do consider your forebears . . .) are ugly, greedy, incompetent, with "coarse arms and legs" ("The Three Feathers"). In "Hans My Hedgehog," black skin can be changed to white (the more desirable) by a "special salve." In the same story, daughters are given away by their fathers as payment for services rendered. Throughout, male children are prized more than female children, women give birth while their husbands (kings or princes) are off hunting. Witches abound and are burned. Husbands commit bigamy, one wife being returned to her family, out of favor, used goods. Disobedient women (those who exercise minds independent of men) are literally hacked to pieces. Interior decoration is proselytized as a way to catch a prince. Wives are driving, avaricious, greedy, heartless (the momma's the real bad guy in "Hansel and Gretel"). Violence—not just sexist/sexual violence—appears throughout. And, of course, only beauties "catch" princes. . . . One could conceivably argue that Grimm is closer to the way things really are than some of the beatific non-sexist non-violent children's books now being produced. But that's your decision. To us, *The Juniper Tree* seems to demand more polemical sophistication than most children can muster. But buy a copy for yourself; you'll love it.

The New Woman's Survival Catalog *Edited by Kristan Grimstad and Susan Rennie* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 223 pp., $5). In size and scope, this is *The Whole Earth Catalog* of the Woman's Movement—a big (11x14-inch), wonderfully informative, chatty, up-to-date guide to feminist publications (newspapers, literary magazines, books—including where and how to submit your own work for publication), feminist film distributors, book stores, libraries, centers, restaurants, clinics. It's an exhilarating guide on how to organize a woman's liberation school, where to find a feminist psychotherapist, a women's divorce cooperative, a feminist speaker's bureau and where you can go to learn how to prepare yourself for an appearance on the *Johnny Carson Show*. It's being billed as "a woman-made book" (Grimstad and Rennie, *et al*., did their own research, paste-ups and mechanicals—all within six months) even though Coward, McCann is not itself exactly a feminist publishing house. But it's still a great buy, a marvelous gift—and 20 percent of the profits will be returned to the Movement.

Sexual Suicide *by George F. Gilder* (Quadrangle, 308 pp., $7.95). It's machismo that makes George Gilder's world go 'round

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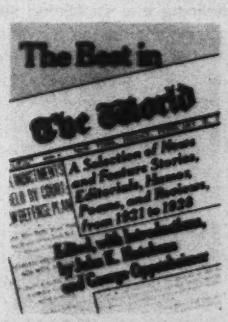

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and his profound concern, argued with dogged force, is that women's liberationists, the gay community, open-marriage advocates and allied kinky emancipators are setting us on a disaster course when they insist that humanity's salvation will come only through narrowing the differences between the sexes. Though hopelessly oversimplistic and shrill, *Sexual Suicide* is important precisely because it is so vigorous and unambiguous a counterattack on the counterculture. While *Sexual Suicide* is quite good at defining and explaining some of our more glaring aberrations, it invariably goes haywire in prescribing what to do about them. And instead of hitting out like Bobby Riggs, Gilder pretends he is enthroning the ladies like so many queen bees. Chivalrous as the effort may seem, it comes to the same derogatory end.

Martha Graham, A Biography *by Don McDonagh* (Praeger, 341 pp., $10.95). Not enough has been said about the influence of Frances Steloff—proprietor of New York's Gotham Book Mart—on the most forward-looking art of our time. It was Frances Steloff who, in 1926, borrowed the $1,000 (at a high rate of interest) that made it possible to rent the theater and pay the expenses of the dancers who would accompany Martha Graham in her first independent dance recital. Ms. Graham was 32; Frances Steloff was working on trust—she had never seen Graham dance. The concert, as Don McDonagh points out in his thorough, splendid, much-needed biography of Graham, "changed the course of dance in the 20th century." Working in collaboration with Louis Horst (who brought her the best of the modern composers), Graham's remarkable career would span almost 50 years of brilliant innovation, erratic finances, tempestuous love (there were rumors that Erick Hawkins, her husband and partner in dance once got so angry with her that he tried to push her into the Grand Canyon), and alcohol-sodden loneliness (by the late '60s she was up to a quart of liquor a day). Mr. McDonagh's biography—incredibly, the first to have appeared—is a just tribute to one of the greatest ladies of our century.

Marcella *by Marilyn Coffey* (Charterhouse Books, 240 pp., $6.95). Since 1946, Carson McCullers' F. Jasmine Addams (*The Member of the Wedding*) has been Grand Marshal of the female pubescent parade in American fiction. She had a terrible time in 1955 and 1964 when two male-trash fantasies (Lolita and Candy) showed up in drag, waving American flags and sucking solid gold Sugar Daddies. But F. Jasmine marches on because she remains a very real little girl, a very tender young woman. And, in this sense, Marcella Colby, the 15-year-old protagonist of Marilyn Coffey's first novel is like her. She's no Grand Marshal material (*Marcella* is a flawed, conventionally structured novel), but the kid's got real life. She's the best female masturbator in contemporary fiction; when Marcella masturbates, the book pulses. One scene, an attempt at self-mutilation in the basement of the Methodist Youth Fellowship, stands out as an extraordinary depiction of the relationship between organized religion and guilt; it's the kind of scene many women have probably gone through but few think or talk about.

Ray Davies and the Kinks: perverse as ever but a taste worth acquiring.

On records

Preservation Act I *The Kinks* (RCA). Perverse as ever, but this time exceptionally ambitious, Ray Davies *et al.* scale new heights of pessimism. The album's full gloomy scenario bids sardonic farewell to pop heroes of yesteryear (Christine Keeler, Mary Quant), casts a jaundiced eye at political possibilities of the future, predicts a cultural holocaust and cites as survivors only a motorcycling rock and roller and a pleasantly apathetic Tramp—who bears resemblance to Davies himself. The Kinks have always been an acquired taste, one that's now more than ever worth acquiring.

The Beach Boys In Concert *The Beach Boys* (Warner Bros.). Uneven, as live albums are wont to be, but at its best it adds a whole new dimension to some of their vintage material. The studio-dependent songs like "Good Vibrations" can't be done full justice, nor can much be done with stuff like "Surfer Girl." But the versions of "Wouldn't It Be Nice" and "Heroes and Villains" have an added electricity, and "Marcella" absolutely stops the show.

Black and Blue *Harold Melvin and the Bluenotes* (Columbia). With the composing techniques of Gamble and Huff, Philadelphia has again exploded with the slick sound of Harold Melvin and the Bluenotes. Starting with a smoothly flowing pop rendition of "Cabaret," the entire album reeks of class. Their current smash hit, "The Love I Lost," is a pulsating rhythmical tune that perforates the heart and moves right on down to your feet. It's really a smoker.

Get It Together *Jackson Five* (Motown). Tito is married; Jermaine's going to get married—indications that the Jackson Five are growing up and maturing. The clincher is their newest album. Produced by Motown's Hal Davis, it's sure to end up alongside the gold records these superstars have accumulated through the years. Michael's solo, "Don't Say Goodbye Again" is a medium tempo, romantic tune that is well-delivered and shows how versatile he really is. The title cut is a fast-paced jumpin' number that should jump right onto the top 10 chart.

Hymn Of The Seventh Galaxy *Return To Forever featuring Chick Corea* (Polydor). After all the smoke clears from the McLaughlin-imitations on guitar, this turns out to be a rather pleasant album. Chick plays up to his reputation as one of the top electric pianists, influenced just enough by his Latin roots and a long stint with Miles to have developed a delightfully original sound. And when everything else dies down you can always listen to Stan Clarke's rapid-fire bass line leaping through the Latin-pop-jazz-rock textures with the clean precision of Secretariat down the stretch (and at about the same speed).

Full Sail *Loggins and Messina* (Columbia). Final album, strong and high-spirited, showing off all three of their relatively up-beat moods—laid-back-in-the-South-Seas ("Lahaina"), sexy-affectionate ("A Love Song"), and jitterbug ("My Music"). Vocals are wonderfully fresh, production is clean, harmony is unflaggingly perfect, and a well-scrubbed style doesn't diminish their potency one bit.

Ladies Invited *J. Geils Band* (Atlantic). They've written better material this time, and that's just the change they needed. Lyrics to "Chimes" and "The Lady Makes Demands" are actually half-serious, and Peter Wolf's new singing style reveals a frankness previously foreign to his approach. The album still maintains their characteristic raunch but it also ends on a cryptic, thoughtful note; the added depth helps tremendously. ●

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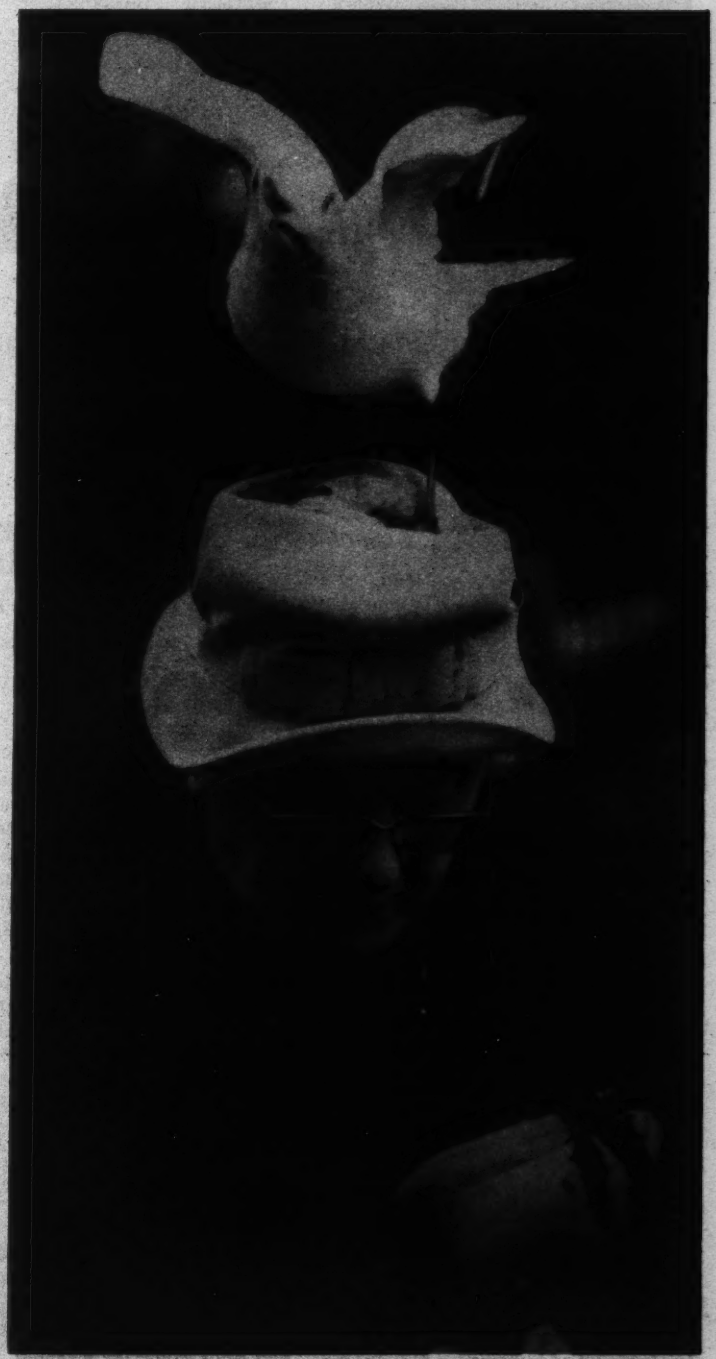


The American Museum of Natural History
New York, New York 10024

Truck Power

A steel hauler speaks out

By Studs Terkel

Paul Dietsch became a trucker—a steel hauler—in 1949, when he was 19 years old. Most steel haulers, like Dietsch, are independent owner-operators. Some time ago at his home in Gary, Ind., I talked with Dietsch about the life of a trucker. Last week when the truckers were tying up the highways, I talked with him again. He was at the Pittsburgh headquarters of the Fraternal Association of Steel Haulers (FASH), an association of owner-operator truckers at odds with the Teamsters Union. Here is what Paul, an organizer for FASH, said about the life of a trucker and the current revolt:

The trucker—the independent owner operator as well as the company driver—feels terribly trapped. No way out. There's a heavy frustration. The profit squeeze. Can't make ends meet. He's desperate, bewildered. What's happened is wholly spontaneous.

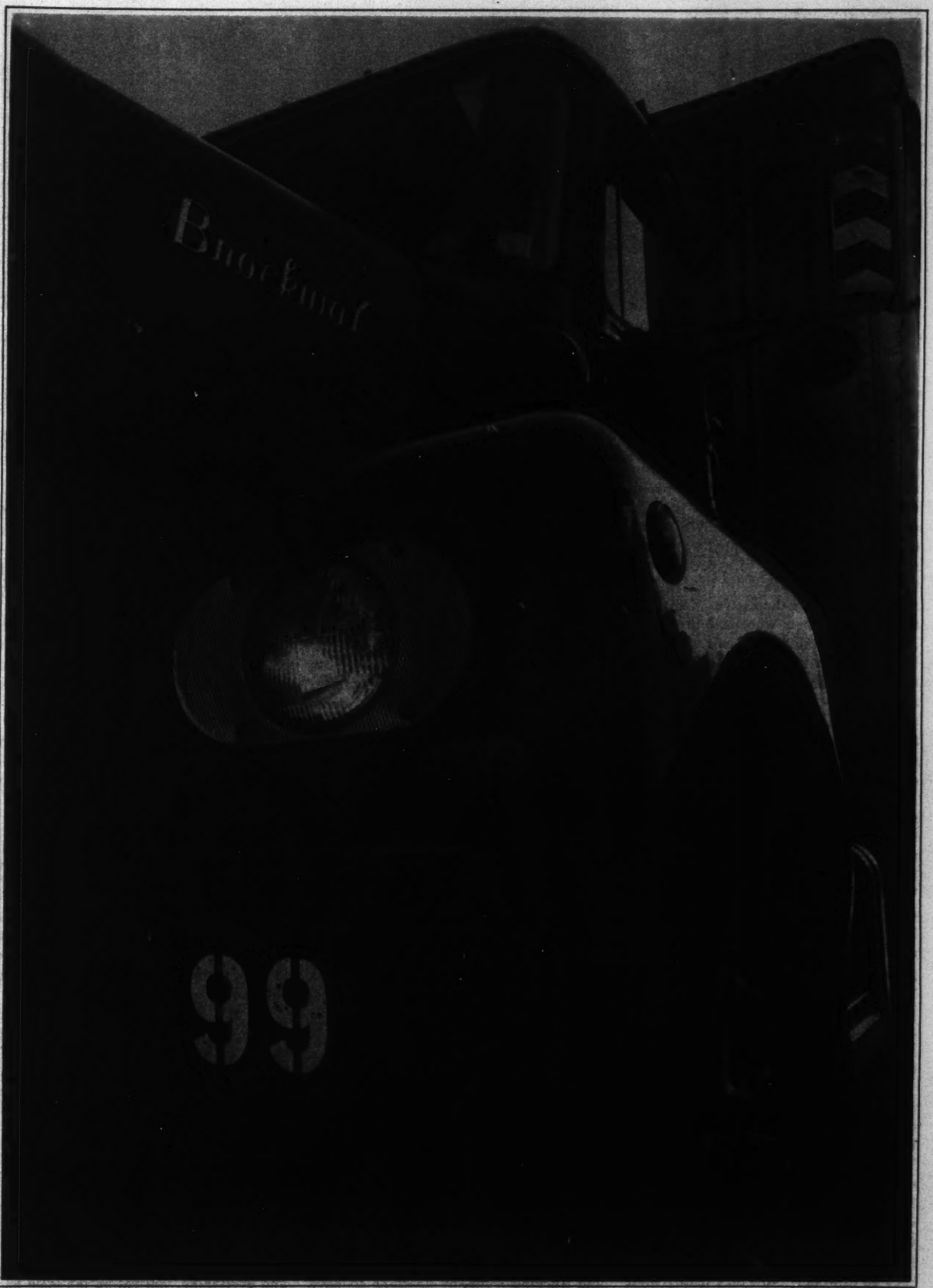
The new speed limit has hurt all the truckers. The fuel shortage has really hurt the independents. He fuels his truck out of a service station along the highway. Most of the time he shops for fuel. He goes to the independent gas station. Cut-raters that charge a few pennies cheaper. These stations are now getting the short end of it. Standard Oil, Texaco and the rest of them are seeing that the company stations are getting their fuel, and they're shorting the independents. So who gets it in the neck? Us, the drivers.

The independent driver pushed his rig and hopes as hard as he could, and he voted Right. Now he feels betrayed

There's a combination of two things here. The fuel increased in price maybe by 40 percent the last three months. Diesel fuel—number two oil, they call it—it's gone from 29.9 to 44.9. In some places, 52.9. Some stations, especially in the East, West and South, realizing the shortage, charge 72 cents, 75 cents a gallon for diesel. Another thing. When he goes into these stations, instead of being able to fill his tank up with 100 or 150 gallons, they only give him 50 or only give him five dollars' worth.

Most of these fellows are rural background—small town, the great majority of them. That's where they're recruited. A boy from a small town, who has a limited amount of job offers, can get into trucking, go all over the country and bring home the bacon at the end of the week. The equivalent of sailors in the old days. They're conservative. They were heavily in favor of Nixon and law and order and especially keeping the blacks in their place. I'd say they voted for Nixon 90 percent and now they see the thing has come back to haunt them. They see the Administration they voted in has betrayed them. They see they voted against their own interests. They see that this thing boomeranged. It didn't only hurt the blacks and the so-called guy who didn't want to work—the welfare cheat and the hippie university student—it hurt *them.*

They think the government should have been able to look ahead. They're picking up on the news of how the big oil companies have manipulated this thing. They do know somebody's making a buck out of this. As a group they're quite naive about where it's all at. They had this feeling that they're a vital part of this whole system. They like to say, "If it weren't for us, if we shut down for a day or a week, the whole country would come to a standstill." The trucker used to be looked up to. In the last 10 years or so the whole image has changed. They're looked down on by the motorists. They're put down in the newspapers. They're trying to win back recognition as good guys, as important people. They feel if they shut everything down, they can force ev-



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS

erybody to recognize their problems.

They're becoming aware that other people who disrupted things had it work out for them. So they're taking the same action. I've heard statements like this: "Maybe those other people who protested had the right idea. Maybe the government doesn't respond to your needs." Before, they felt "What's wrong with these people? Why don't they go about it by proper channels? Why don't they do things in the accepted way?" But now they're beginning to experience the frustration themselves.

Do they see themselves in any way allied to the others who have protested? It's just beginning to dawn on them. They're not nearly so antiblack protest as they were. I think they're beginning to realize that they do have something in common with those people. Because they're feeling strongly now, they're beginning to realize that those people felt strongly about what they did.

This has been over the years a right-wing crowd. Ninety-nine percent were for Wallace. They've been brought up on rural and small-town newspapers. Watch out for radicals and Commies. When hippies first started showing up at truck stops, drivers used to run 'em off. Now the younger generation is starting to take their places in our ranks—younger guys coming back from the service. Now when a long-haired truck driver comes into a truck stop, not one guy even looks around. They used to tease them and give 'em a rough time. The lifestyle change has finally reached the truck driver.

We've got the same thing here as in the country. They're looking for leadership. They might go for Kennedy on the one hand or for Wallace on the other. They don't know these men's philosophies. Wallace gave them easy solutions. He pitted them against those who wanted change. They longed for the familiar old times and hated protesters. "What the hell are they protesting about? Why don't they go to work?" Now they realize these

protesters weren't just a bunch of lazy people who didn't want to work. They're beginning to see it, but it takes time. Now the trucker, *he's* the one who's hurting, and now he's out there protesting, demonstrating. They're lashing out at something they don't understand.

You must understand that some of these drivers work a 100-hour week. They put in such a long week that they don't even get a chance to see the TV. Many of them have never seen Archie Bunker, and that's on Saturday night. They heard about it, but they've never been home to see it. They're lucky if they get home late Saturday night or Sunday morning. They have no chance to read newspapers. They don't know what the hell is going on in the country. They get everything second hand. Something they hear at truck stops. They kind of drop out of society. You have to understand the life of a trucker.

What's the life like? For a steel hauler, it's like this: I'll go into the steel mills after supper, load through the evening hours, usually with a long waiting line. Years ago, we'd wait as high as 12, 15 hours to get loaded. The trucking companies didn't charge the corporations for any waiting time—demurrage—like they did on railroad cars.

We get a flat percentage no matter how much work we put in. It didn't cost the trucking company anything to have us wait out there, so they didn't charge the steel outfits anything. They abused us terribly over the years. We waited in the holding yard behind the steel mill. The longest I've ever waited was 25 hours.

You try to keep from going crazy from boredom. You become accustomed to this as time goes by—four hours, eight hours, 12 hours. It's part of the job to build patience. You sit in the cab of the truck. You walk a half mile down to a PX-type of affair, where you buy a sandwich wrapped in cellophane or a cup of coffee to go. You sit in the mill by the loader's desk and watch the cranes. You'll read magazines, you'll sleep four hours, you'll do anything to keep from going nuts. Years ago there was no heat in the steel mills. You had to move around to keep from freezing.

Following our wildcat strike in '67, the trucking companies instituted a tariff that said four hours we give the steel mill for nothing, the fifth hour we begin to charge at $13.70 an hour. We get 75 percent of that or $10. And when we deliver, they get four free hours at our point of delivery. So we start every day by giving away eight potential free hours. Besides your time, you have an investment ranging from $15,000 to $30,000 in your truck and trailer that you're servicing them free. The average workingman, he figures to work eight hours and come home. We have a 16-hour day.

If I were to go in the mill after supper, I'd expect to come out maybe midnight, 2:00 in the morning. The loading process itself is 15 to 30 minutes. Once they come with the crane, they can load the steel on in two or three lifts. Maybe 45,000 to 50,000 pounds.

We protect it with paper, tie it down with chains and binders, tarp it, sign our bills, move toward the gate. It takes you 15 to 20 minutes to get to the front gate. I must weigh in empty and weigh out loaded. Sometimes, even though you're all loaded, tarped down and everything, you get on the scale and

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JILL FREEDMAN

you're off weight. If you scale in at 25,000 pounds empty and you come out weighing 72,000 pounds, you're 500 to 600 pounds off the billed weight. You have to go back and find out who made a mistake. Let's say it's over the one percent they'll allow. They have to weigh everything again and find out that some hooker made a paper mistake. That's happened many times to haulers. Prior to '67, we never got paid a penny for it.

Years ago we ran through city streets, alongside streetcars, buses and what have you. It was a two-hour run from the mills of Gary to the North Side of Chicago. Some 76 traffic lights. Every one of them had to be individually timed and played differently. If you have to stop that truck and start it, it's not only aggravating and tiring, but you'd wear out the truck twice as fast as you would if you made those lights. It was a constant thing of playing these lights by instinct.

This is all changed with the expressways. It's just as if automation had entered the trucking business. Now you pull out of U.S. Steel in Gary, and you don't have a light until you drop off at the expressway in the city of Milwaukee. It's a miracle compared to what it used to be. So much easier on yourself, on your equipment.

A stop at the Wisconsin state line, a place to eat. Big trucks stop there. Maybe meet a bunch that have been in the steel mill at night. Coffee-up, tell all the stories about how badly you're treated in the steel mill, tell about the different drunks that try to get under your wheels. Then move toward your destination and make the delivery at 7:00 in the morning. We're talking about 13 hours already. My routine would be to drop two days like this and not come home. Halfway back from Milwaukee take a nap in the cab at a truck stop. You use the washroom, the facilities, you call your dispatcher in Gary and pick up another load. Go home for a day of sleep, wash up, get rejuvenated, live like a human being for a day, come back to the mill after supper and be off again. During the last 10 years almost everybody bought a sleeper truck. It has facilities behind the seat. If you were to get a hotel room every night you were on the road, why you'd be out of business shortly.

> "There's not much playing around. They talk of women like all guys do. But it's not reality, it's dreaming"

On weekends, if you're lucky enough to be home, you're greasing the truck and repairing it. It's like a seven-day week. There's nobody else to do the work. Years ago the rate of truck repair was five dollars an hour. Today it's $11, $12 an hour. You do 90 percent of the work yourself, small repairs and adjustments.

I would make two roundtrips to Milwaukee and pass within four blocks of my house and never go home. You can't park a big truck in the neighborhood. If the police have anything to do with it, you can't even park on an arterial street more than an hour. It's a big joke with truck drivers: we're gonna start carrying milk bottles with us. Everywhere we go now, there's signs: No Truck Parking. They want you to keep that thing moving. Don't stop around here. It's a nuisance; it takes up four spaces, which we need for our local people. You're an out-of-town guy, keep moving.

If I chose to park in the truck terminal, I'd have an eight-mile ride—and I don't think I'd be welcome. The owner-operator, we're an outcast, illegitimate, a gypsy, a fella that everybody looks down on. These are words we use. We compare ourselves to sailors: we sail out on the highways. The long-distance hauler is gone for a week, two weeks.

You get lonely not talking to anybody for 48 hours. On the road there's no womenfolks, unless there's a few waitresses, a couple of good old girls in the truck stop you might kid around with. They do talk about women, but they don't really have the time for women. There's a few available, waitresses in truck stops, and most of them have 10,000 guys complimenting them.

There's not much playing around that goes on. They talk of women like all guys do, but it's not a reality, it's dreaming. There's not these stories of conquest—there's the exceptional case of a Casanova—because they're moving too much. They're being deprived of their chance to play around.

Truckers fantasize something tremendous. When they reach a coffee stop, they unload with all these ideas. I've seen fellas who build up such dreams when they come into a truck stop they start to pour it out, get about three minutes of animated description out of it, and all of a sudden come up short and realize it's all a bunch of damn foolishness they built up in their minds. It's still that they're daydreaming from the truck. He builds a thing in his mind and begins to believe it.

You sit in a truck. Your only companionship is your own thoughts. But now there's something new. Truckers are heavy into citizen-band radio units. It's about a 21-channel radio transmitting and listening unit. About 50 percent of the independents have installed them in their trucks, and they talk to each other back and forth. Or signal as they pass by. They talk about what's happened down the road or "There's a speed trap back there." They talk about a wreck down the way. Or what truck stop they're gonna make next. It helps keep them awake. Breaks the loneliness and the monotony. There's a whole new terminology. They don't talk truck-stop slang. They're talking now like amateur radio operators. "I

hear you loud and clear." They're starting to talk about all kinds of things. The current situation. All kinds of things.

The minute you climb into that truck, the adrenalin starts pumping. If you want to have a thrill, there's no comparison, not even a jet plane, to climbing on a steel truck and going out there on the Dan Ryan Expressway. You'll swear you'll never be able to get out the other end of that thing without an accident. There's thousands of cars and thousands of trucks and you're shifting like a maniac and you're braking and accelerating and the object is to try to move with the traffic and try to keep from running over all those crazy fools who are trying to get under your wheels.

You have to be superalert all the time. Say I'm loaded to full capacity, 73,000 pounds. That's equivalent to how many cars—at 4,000 pounds a car? I cannot stop. I got terrific braking power. You have five axles, you'll have 14 tires on the ground, you got eight sets of brakes. You have to anticipate situations a block ahead of you. You're not driving to match situations *immediately* in front of you. A good driver looks ahead two blocks, so he's not mousetrapped into a situation where he'll have to stop—because you can't stop like a car's gonna stop. You're committed. It's like an airplane crossing the ocean: they reach that point of no return. Your commitment's made 100, 200 yards before you reach the intersection. It's really almost impossible.

You have to get all psyched up and keep your alertness all the time. There's a lot of stomach trouble in this business, tension. Fellas that can't eat anything. Alka-Seltzer and everything. There's a lot of hemorrhoid problems. And there's a loss of hearing because of the roar of the engine. The roar of the engine has a hypnotic effect. To give you an idea of the decibel sounds inside a cab, nowadays they're beginning to insulate 'em. It's so tremendous that if you play the radio loud enough to hear above the road and you come to a tollgate and stop, you have to turn it down it's screaming so loud. You could break your eardrums. And the industrial noises in the background. . . . There was a survey made of guys that transport cars. You've heard the loud metal noise, where the different parts of the gates come together. They found these fellas have a great loss of hearing. It's one more occupational hazard. There has been different people I've worked with that I've seen come apart, couldn't handle it any more.

There seem to be an unusual amount of fellas having problems with their family, with the wife in particular. They're average guys with their wives going through the change and so forth. Really that's an awful problem for the wife, because she has to raise the kids, she has to fight off the bill collectors on the phone. She can't even count on her husband to attend a graduation, a communion, any kind of social function. She's just lucky he's home Christmas and New Year's. He's usually so tired he'd much rather be home sleeping than getting ready to go out Sunday night.

> "State troopers prey on truck drivers . . . consider truckers to be outlaws, thieves and overloaders"

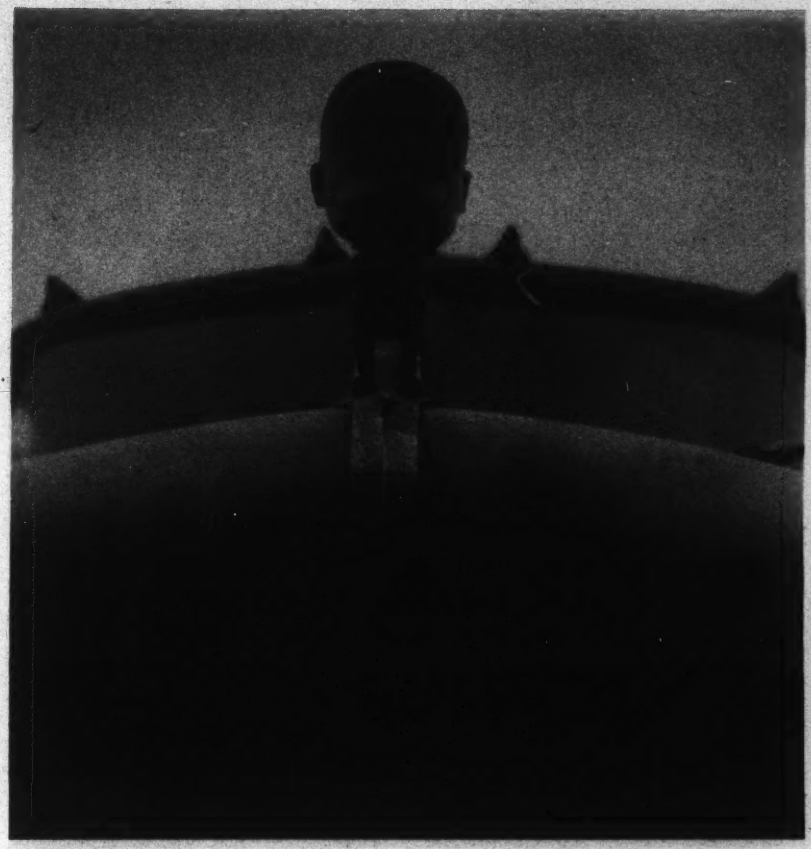
Truckers eat a lot of pills. It's a lot more prevalent than I thought. I heard fellas say they get a better price on bennies if they buy them by the thousand. We know a lot of individuals we consider hopheads off on benzedrine. A couple of guys I know are on it, even though it's on the weekends when they don't need to stay awake. It's become a habit.

The kids call 'em red devils. In trucking they call it the Arkansas Turnaround—or whatever your destination is. A lot of 'em are dispensed by drugstores on prescription for weight control. So their wife gets the pills, and the old man ends up usin' 'em to keep awake because they're a benzedrine base. It'll be the little black ones or the little red ones.

In the steel mill, the truck driver is at the absolute bottom of the barrel. Everybody in that mill's above somebody, from top management down. At the bottom of the ladder, there's the hooker who loads your truck. He wants to feel that he's better than somebody. He figures I'm better than this steel hauler. So you get constant animosity because he feels that the corporation looks down on this steel hauler, and he knows he can order him around, abuse him, make him wait. It's a status thing. There's a tremendous feeling.

The first couple of years when I got abused, I howled and I yelled and I did my dance: "You can't do this to me." After a few years, I developed a philosophy. When I scream, it gives them pleasure, they can put it to me. They're sadists. So the average steel hauler, no matter how abused he is, you always give them that smile and you leave it go over your head. You say to yourself, "One day my time will come." If you don't take this philosophy, you'll go right out of your mind. You cause an incident, you're barred from the mill. It's such a competitive business that you dare not open your mouth because your company will be penalized freight—and you get it in the neck. You try to show 'em a cockiness like you could care less.

Over a number of years, your face becomes familiar. It breaks the ice. The loader considers you an old-timer, he has some identity with you. You might find, on rare occasions, friendship. The loader is the foreman on the shift for truck loading. He has a desk in between all the piles of steel, and he lays out the loads that are gonna be placed on the truck. If the hook-



PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL FREEDMAN

ers see the loader's giving you respect, they'll accept you.

The newer people get the most grief, do the screaming and get the worst treatment. Younger fellas. The fella that comes into this business that's over 40 takes his life's savings and buys a truck because somebody told him there's big money to be made and he wants to get in his own business. If you last the first five years, you last the worst hardships. Success means you survive. If you don't make a dime on your investment, but you're still in business after five years, we say he's a regular. Those first five years is your biggest nut to crack. You don't know the ropes, you don't know how to buy and service your truck reasonable, you make all the mistakes. Fifty percent turnover in our business every year. They drop out, lose their trucks. That's the only reward: in your mind you feel you're in business.

There are a lotta problems. State troopers prey on truck drivers for possible violations—mostly regarding weight and overload. It's extremely difficult to load a steel truck legally to capacity. If you're 1,000 pounds over, it's no great violation, but you have to get around the scales. At regular pull-offs they'll say: Trucks Must Cross Scales.

You pull in there and you find, lo and behold, you're 500 or 1,000 pounds over. You've got to pay a ticket, maybe $25, and you have to move it off. This is a great big piece of steel. You're supposed to unload it. You have to find some guy that's light and break the bands on the bundle and transfer sheets or bars over on the other truck. Occasionally it's something that can't be broken down, a continuous coil that weighs 10,000 pounds. You work some kind of angle to get out of there. You wish for the scale to close and you close your eyes and you go like hell to try to get out of the state. You have a feeling of running a blockade in the '20s with a load of booze. You have a feeling of trying to beat the police. Or you pay the cop off.

Most state troopers consider truckers to be outlaws, thieves and overloaders. The companies and the union don't try to upgrade our image. They don't go to the police departments and say, "Stop abusing our members."

Everybody's preying on the trucker to shake him down. The Dan Ryan Expressway is unbelievable. They're working deals you wouldn't believe, that nobody would care about, because they're out-of-state truckers. Who cares what happens to them? What would you think of a trucker coming up the Dan Ryan for the first time? He's coming from Pittsburgh with an overload. He approaches the South Side of the city and it says: All Trucks Must Use Local Lanes. But the signs aren't well enough marked and he's out in the third lane and gets trapped. He can't get over because of the other cars, he goes right up the express lane. Well, there's cops down there makin' their living off these poor guys. They pull him over and they say, "Hey, buddy, you're out where no trucks are supposed to be. We're gonna have to lock you up." They go through their song and dance about they're horrified about how you've broken the law, endangering everybody. And they're hinting around that maybe you want to make a deal.

Maybe you don't want to make a deal? Oh, you have to make bond and appear in court. That's $25. If you've got an out-of-state chauffeur's license, they'll take your chauffeur's license. So if you're going to come up with a 10, he'll hold court right there and he'll tell you never do it again. But if you're gonna be hard-headed—I'm gonna fight this thing—he'll say, "Okay, we're gonna take you in the neighborhood out here and we're gonna park your truck and we're gonna take you over to the station in a squad car." I can't swear to it, but there's a story goin' around that these cops are working with the people in the neighborhood. So you park your car out on those streets. While you're at the station making bond, you come back and there ain't much left to your truck. The tires are gone, the cab's been broken into, the radio's gone. That's what happens to thousands of truck drivers.

The cops tell you, "You get back to your truck any way you know how." Because they don't want to be there when you see your truck. You take a cab over there and there you stand. Now you call the copper, this official paragon of law and order, and he tells you. "How am I gonna find out who wrecked your truck and stole everything off?" A truck tire costs $100. You're liable to come back from the station, trying to fight your ticket, to have four bills gone right off the trailer.

Why the devil do you do it, right? There's this mystique about driving. The

trucker has a sense of power. He has a sense of responsibility too. He feels: I know everything about the road. These people making mistakes around me, I have to make allowances for them. If the guy makes a mistake, I shouldn't swear at him, I shouldn't threaten him with my truck. You say, "That slob can't drive. Look at that dumb woman with her kids in there. Look at that drunk." *You've* got status!

Every load is a challenge and when you finally off-load it, you have a feeling of having completed a job—which I don't think you get in a production line. I pick up a load at the mill, going to Hotpoint in Milwaukee. I take a job and I go all through the process. You have a feeling when you off-load it—you see they're turning my steel into 10,000 washing machines, into 100 farm implements. You feel like your day's work is well done when you're coming back. I used to have problems in the morning, a lot of heartburn, I couldn't eat. But once I off-loaded, the pressure was off. I met the deadline. Then I could eat anything.

"'You ain't done nothin' for us,' we told the Teamsters. 'We want you and your crooked pals 10 miles away from us'"

The automobile, it's the biggest thing in the country, it's what motivates everybody. Even that model, when they drape her across the hood of that car. . . . In the truck stop, they're continually talking about how they backed into this particular place in one swing. The mere car drivers were absolutely in awe. When you're in that truck, you're not Paul Dietsch, factory worker. You're Paul Dietsch, truck owner and professional driver. Even if you can't make enough money to eat, it gives you something. . . .

There's a joke going around with the truck drivers. "Did you hear the one about the hauler that inherited a million dollars?" "What did he do with it?" "He went out and bought a new Pete." That's a Peterbilt, the Cadillac of trucks. It's a great, big, long-nosed outfit. The tractor alone costs $30,000. So the joke goes, "He went out and bought a new Pete." "Well, what did he do then?" "He kept running until his money ran out." Everybody knows in this business you can't make no money. Owning that big Pete, with the chrome stacks, the padded dashboard, and stereo radio, and shifting 32 gears, that's heaven. And in the joke, he was using up the inheritance to keep the thing on the road.

Truck drivers are known as an awful lot of deadbeats. They live off credit and lay on everybody. Deprive their family, two legs ahead of the bill collectors, charge fuel at the new guy's station that's givin' credit to everybody and then, when they run up a big bill, they'll go by. All to keep that truck going. I don't think they're worse responsible than anybody else. But they get in a position like a businessman: you owe everybody and his brother and you start writin' paper and you try to survive. You get in deeper and deeper and deeper.

In '67 we began to fight for some real change for ourselves. I met an old-timer I'd seen around for years. This was at Inland Steel on a Thursday night. He said to me, "Did you hear about the rumble going on down in Gary?" He showed me this one-page pamphlet. "If you're fed up with the Teamsters Union selling you out and all the sweetheart contracts and the years of abuses, go in front of your union hall Monday morning at 10:00. We're gonna have a protest."

Well, Monday morning I went out to Gary. There was 20 guys picketing. We picketed for eight days on the mills. It built till we had 500, 600 guys—most of 'em from out of town. Sometimes we'd get down to two, three guys and we thought it was all over. But there's a new carload of guys come in from Iowa or from Detroit or from Fremont, Ohio, or something. So we're having meetings. The guys call from Detroit. They shut down Armco Steel or Great Lakes Steel. Then we heard they're picketing at Pittsburgh and finally they're picketing in Philadelphia. And then we heard they blew up two trucks with dynamite in New Jersey. The Jersey crowd, they're always rough. It spread clear from here to the East Coast.

Steel mills got injunctions out against us. They took us into court and locked us up and everything else. The Teamsters helped the steel mills and the carriers to try to get us back to work. They came out in cars: a company official, a Teamster official, a marshal—pointing out who we were to serve papers on. They were working together.

So we formed our own organization—the Fraternal Association of Steel Haulers. FASH. A lot of our guys belonged to the Teamsters; some didn't. It's still that way. We demanded Fitzsimmons meet with us (Frank Fitzsimmons, president of the Teamsters Union). He started tellin' us all he's gonna do for the steel haulers. We said, "You ain't done nothin' for us." He said, "What do you want?" We told him we want the International to give us charters for steel locals. We want to have elections and we want to elect our own people. We want autonomy. And then we told him, "We want you and your crooked pals to stay 10 miles away from any of our halls." He said he'd take the message back, and that's where it stands.

In January '70 we went out on strike to reinforce our demands for recognition. We filed with 167 companies that employed steel haulers under Teamster contract. When the hearings began in Pittsburgh, there were 37 lawyers from the carriers and Teamsters and two of our attorneys—one guy and another guy helping out. The hearings lasted 16 days. It cost

the Teamsters $250,000 for their legal costs. There was 10,000 pages of testimony. The National Labor Relations Board ruled against us. We think it was a politically inspired ruling. Nixon was playing footsie with Fitzsimmons. We were fighting the mills, the union, the carriers, the President. Who else is left?

But we're treated with quite a bit more respect, I'll tell you, than we were before 1967. Sure we're havin' problems. The Teamsters are trying to get the carriers to blackball us, trying to control the steel haulers. But they know they've lost us. We have membership stickers on the trucks. The sticker alone sometimes gets 'em loaded twice as fast. What they'll say, "You better load that guy, he belongs to that outfit and you don't load him you're gonna have to pay for it." We got a good reputation.

And I'll tell you what. A few years ago you'd have had a hard time to get anyone, anybody, to take a stand against the leadership. Now I'd say there's at least 10 percent talking up against Fitzsimmons and Hoffa. That's tremendous when you think before there wasn't one that would open his mouth. Now, there's a group within the ranks, even though it's small, willing to be outspoken. The connection Fitzsimmons had with Nixon through the election is backfiring on him (Fitzsimmons). The truckers, especially the guys who protested last week, are putting them both in the same bag. When they heard that Fitzsimmons was going to meet with Nixon about the shutdowns, they resented it because they don't feel he's talking for them.

I don't think they'll be able to mount any great protest *now*. But eventually I think the same type of reform will take place that happened with the miners. There's going to be a revolution within the Teamsters Union. It'll probably take several more years unless something unusual happens. A deep recession maybe. Or something else. The UMW reform might have taken another five years were it not for the Yablonski killing. Let's hope we don't have that kind of tragedy.

The grievances are very, very deep within the Teamsters Union. Truckers are not satisfied with the union leadership, but they're fearful of it. The frustration is growing stronger and stronger because they feel oppressed by the Teamsters Union. They've been afraid in the past to speak up, afraid they'll get their heads beat in. The strength of the union leadership has always been intimidation. Fear of the goons and so forth. Economically as well as physically.

It's a long, hard struggle, but I'm optimistic. I think our group is gaining more and more. The trucker has always believed it's a dog-eat-dog world. Bad guys have finished first for years. The sharp dealer wins. I think he's becoming aware of diminishing returns. He's finding out that maybe it's not so sharp to be a son-of-a-bitch. Maybe you've gotta be straight with people if you want them to be straight with you. Maybe you don't have to be a crook to be successful. It's gonna take a generation or two to bring this religion to these people. Do unto others as you'd have them do unto you was to most guys pretty corny in the past. But I've a hunch it may become the standard—out of necessity. Until we get these guys to care about each other, this organization, FASH, is never gonna be successful. We're trying to bring some ethics back into the business.

During the last 30 years we were taught in this industry that the only way to get ahead was to cheat and steal and cut corners, you know what I mean? Now, we're having a reevaluation of the way we treat each other. I think the whole labor movement will eventually be affected. The reforms we may see in our union may at the same time take place in the government and in our social world. I think maybe the whole nation is beginning to see that the sharp operator isn't the one to look up to. ●

American Dream

Bye Bye

By Donald Jackson

For a moment, Ralph and Rosamay Spilker had a grasp on the "good life." Now, it is slipping away

Ralph and Rosamay Spilker dreamed the American Dream—steady job, nice house, a couple of bright-eyed kids, later a color television set, two cars and a deep freeze. They set out after it seven years ago, when Ralph returned home to Indianapolis following a hitch in the Navy. Ralph's education had stopped at high school, but he got a job at Eli Lilly, a major drug manufacturer. Rosamay worked as a practical nurse until the second of their two children was born.

He advanced regularly at the company. Job security was good—"Lilly's never laid nobody off," raises were generous, and bit by bit he began to acquire pieces of the dream. They paid $15,600 for a tidy tract house in 1968. They acquired a Buick and a Volkswagen in 1969. The color TV and freezer were delivered shortly afterward. Rosamay's earnings were stashed away against the day they could build and furnish the house they wanted.

By this year they had saved enough to build. They bought a lot in a subdivision a few miles from their present home, signed with a builder and happily fell to planning their dream house. Construction began in August.

Contributing Editor Jackson is author of the forthcoming book Judges.

The $44,000 price tag worried them a little. "If we'd built two years ago we could have got the same size house for $8,000 less," said Ralph, a lean, spidery, hooknosed man of 30. But they went ahead. "I wouldn't say I'm moving out of my class, but I'm always out to better myself, you know? I'm reaching as far as I can. To me, if a person is satisfied with what he has, if he's not out to better himself, he's not alive anymore."

The house was scheduled for completion December 1. They agreed to pay rent to the buyers of their old house if they were not out by December 1.

By November, when Rosamay had half-filled the living room with packing crates loaded with dishes and linens, they knew they weren't going to make it. The hitch was a shortage of bricks; the builder had been unable to get the bricks they ordered for the outside of the house. They selected another kind of brick, but its delivery was delayed. The roofing didn't get there when it was supposed to.

The Spilkers were caught in the backwash of a faltering economy. Brick was short in part because the natural gas used in its manufacture was short. The shortage of roofing material, an oil-based tar, was similarly connected to the energy crisis. The Spilkers' builder told them that the price on the steel mesh used to reinforce their concrete driveway had doubled. He complained that he had been informed that prices of seven categories of building material, from concrete to glass, were all about to rise.

Ralph Spilker said he understood this, but he'd like to know when his house might be ready. "I'm paying $100 a month more in rent than I did in payments on that house," he said.

"Well, if the weather holds, and we don't have any more surprises, I think we might make it between Christmas and New Year's," the builder told him. "We've about got it whipped."

"You got me whipped," Ralph replied, "but you ain't got my wife whipped."

The experience of the Spilkers is one example of how American families are affected by the economic ripples set in motion by the fuel shortage. The owner of a partially completed house is particularly vulnerable to the cycle of slowdown and shortage that afflicts the economy. "People are just beginning to realize," says Chairman Robert Morris of the Indiana Energy Conservation Committee, "that energy is the glue that holds the infrastruc-

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTY NORMAN

A shortage of thinking about the future: "Everything can't run out at once. Can it? They had to know about it. Nixon had to know"

ture of the United States together."

The dawning realization is that a decline in energy carries with it a trailing decline in the supply of hundreds of products that Americans have taken for granted. At the moment, in Indianapolis at least, realization is ahead of fact.

The shortage is one step away from the consumer. Indianapolis stores, for the most part, are stocked with the traditional Christmas abundance, but the merchants are not sure where their next load is coming from. A supermarket manager says that canned fruits and vegetables are running short. A drugstore chain is low on stuffed toys and plastic products. The mobile-home industry is having trouble getting vital materials; ditto a telephone manufacturer. Department stores are worried about woolens and clothes made of synthetics. Paper products are down. A hardware outlet manager can't get the bicycles and antifreeze he wants.

But out on the shopping mall, the notion of an onrushing Age of Austerity is something one hears about from the media—and you know how They are. I stopped a dozen shoppers at one Indianapolis mall before I found one who sensed a change. "I can't quite get my finger on it," he said, "but the choice doesn't seem quite as broad. There's not the same kind of quality, or choice—something's different." After a half-dozen more shoppers testified that all was well in the marketplace, I sat down on a bench next to a middle-aged man smoking a pipe.

His name was Joe, and he had given it some thought. "Oh, I'm not having any trouble finding what I want," he said, "but there's just me and my wife, and our needs are small. But I read a lot, and I think something's happening. I think we're finding out that we're part of a system, that there's something else shaping us whether we like it or not." He pulled on his pipe and looked at me gravely. "The point I wish to make is this: we're not focusing our thinking. We don't want to admit our own limitations or the country's. It's too hard to think about it. We've got to start thinking differently."

It seemed to me that Joe was onto something, and I wondered whether he had found a solution. "Human adjustment is part of it," he replied. "And the rest of it, sad to say, is more technology."

In his Energy Conservation Committee office at the Indiana state capitol, Robert Morris was outlining the dimensions of the change he foresees. "There will be a smaller range of product choice," he said. "A family will have to plan more carefully for their vacations, perhaps stay in the state. It will last a minimum of five years, and we'll be better off for it. We've wasted too much, repaired and saved too little in this country."

But what about the American Dream, the good life, the equation of happiness with material prosperity? "The dream isn't gone," he said, "but it will be defined a little differently. It's not going to be two houses and five cars and a roomful of toys anymore—that's gone by the boards. Instead of going to specialty stores and shops that sell fine cuts of meat we'll all be going to the supermarket. We'll find that we can get along.

Ralph Spilker sat at his kitchen table. The first signs of dross are beginning to appear on the gold of Ralph Spilker's dream, and it troubles him, awake and asleep. "I read this book that said four percent of the people in this country own and operate it, and I believe it," he said. "I bet we can get all the oil we want when the price gets high enough. The oil companies got their pipeline, they're driving the independents out—hell, how much oil are they shipping out of the country? And they tell me *I'm* short. Well, if we're short, how about giving me a little bit?

"They're talking about closing down the schools part of the time, but they won't stop the busing. Why don't they close the stores that are open Sunday instead of the schools? We've turned down our thermostat, and if the President says to drive 50, I'll do it. I'll do my best if they say it's a crisis, even if everybody's passing me at 50.

Ralph acquired some degree of perspective on his country when he was overseas (Japan and Australia) in the Navy. "We've always lived high here," he said. "Maybe now some other countries are catching up to us in some ways, but I still think this country is better than others. If it really gets bad here, I think the person with a little bit of land is the best off. The land'll always be there. I could learn to farm. I'd get books and learn." He has the qualities of a survivor. "My kids could get along on goat's milk. We got a fireplace in the new house, I could burn wood and coal, and we could sleep next to it if we had to. Rosamay here could learn how to can."

But the energy crisis, he believes, "came too quick to be real. It wasn't here one day and it was here the next. All of a sudden everything's coming up short. *Everything* can't run out at once. Can it? They had to know about it, Nixon had to know. Maybe they were afraid to scare people.

"The worst thing I can imagine happening is my dream going down the drain, and that's my house. If we go into a recession my house won't be worth much, and the buyers won't be there."

He sipped his drink and glanced nervously at the children. "I don't have the same ideas about things that I used to," he said. "It used to be that the only limits that mattered were your own, that other than that you could go as far as you wanted. But now it seems like they're all trying to take something away from you. They want to take your kids away, bus them, teach them from different books. Used to be you had everything to choose from. Now I got the feeling that the next time we move, they'll tell us, 'Here's what you can have,' and that'll be it. I used to think I could make what I could for myself, that it was only up to me. But that feeling's not there any more." ●

ILLUSTRATION BY ED SOYKA

INCOME TAX

The USA vs. John T. Moran

By Jimmy Breslin

"The policy of our government always has been to crack down ferociously on politicians who don't pay taxes—or we would face a situation in which everybody else might stop paying taxes. It was in this spirit that the government, as it does equally for all, slammed down on John Moran"

The trial of USA v. John T. Moran went on for seven days in room 1506 of the Federal Court House on Foley Square in New York City. Through the windows on one side you can see between buildings to a snatch of the East River. John Moran's style is to look at the river and dream; he, too, prefers the illusion to the reality about him. But the matter on hand forced him to concentrate on where he was, an atrociously gloomy wood-paneled courtroom.

John Moran was being charged with a conspiracy to help his father, who has been dead for three years, evade income taxes. John Moran is more or less in politics. He is more in during an election year, when his services are much in demand, and he is more out when there is no election going on and every elected official lives on the old and very great wisdom: a friend in need is a pest.

In politics in New York, John Moran is considered one of the finest of rumor mongers. Rumors are essential to politics. There is an enormous difference between political rumor and untruth. In everyday life, John Moran would be considered totally honest. He has a strong word. In politics, however, there are game rules which must be observed. You cannot play baseball unless you go onto the field and play baseball. And one cannot play politics unless one understands the nuances of rumor. A political rumor, if repeated often enough and spread widely enough many times, is converted to fact. If a man starts a rumor that he is going to be the mayor's candidate for an open judgeship, he could, there is no law against it, wind up actually being the mayor's candidate. You see, along the line the rumor would reach the mayor, and the mayor, a player himself, would hear the rumor, repeat it and then begin to believe it as fact. Soon the rumor would be in robes. Once, in a New York gubernatorial election, somebody on the *Daily News* told John Moran that the next *News* political poll would show Arthur Goldberg gaining rapidly. Moran told Goldberg. Goldberg told Moran back. When the poll came out and showed that Goldberg had slipped disastrously, both John Moran and Arthur Goldberg maintained the poll was a lie.

Now, in room 1506, John Moran sat at the defense table and looked around. There was no rumor to spread. The judge already was a judge. John Moran was a defendant in a criminal case. As a man in politics, he must be a prime candidate for an internal revenue case. The policy of our government always has been to crack down ferociously on politicians, who, as leaders of the community, must pay taxes or we would face a situation in which everybody else might stop paying taxes. To pose a hypothetical question, exactly where would this country be if the President of the United States ever dodged and fudged and did not pay his income taxes the same as all others? To carry it further, imagine where we would be as a nation if both the President and the Vice-President of the United States did not pay the income taxes they were supposed to? Why, if this were to happen, how could you ever ask any ordinary bricklayer to allow his boss to keep withholding taxes out of his pay each week? Exactly right. You couldn't in conscience go on withholding the man's taxes. Not while the President and Vice-President were not paying. Incidentally, the same thing goes for state taxes. Suppose you lived in California and the governor of the state did not pay the same rate of state taxes that everybody else had to pay? You're right. The public, if it had a drop of guts left, would rebel. So you see now the paramount importance of government being particularly hard on any politician on a tax matter. He must be dragged into court as an example for all. No special treatment, no reduced charges because of who he is. He must be made an example of.

It was in this spirit that the government, as it does equally for all, slammed down on John Moran.

In the hallway outside the courtroom during a recess was John T. Moran, in the fight of his 40-year life. John Moran, glasses on, cigarette in his mouth, John Moran talking to the prosecutor. What was John Moran, in the fight of his life, doing talking to the prosecutor?

"Hit him on the back and get him over here," somebody said.

John Moran left the prosecutor. "What are you talking to that guy for?" John Moran was asked.

"Nothing, the two of us were just talking," John Moran said.

"The guy's trying to convict you and you talk to him?"

John Moran shrugged. "Don't worry about it." When the prosecutor went back to sit in the courtroom, John Moran wandered inside and began talking again to the prosecutor. Then John said hello to the Internal Revenue agent in charge of his case.

John Moran's lawyer, Michael Gillen, said nothing. The job of defending Moran was starting to pull on his insides. Gillen is rough and tumble Irish out of a family in Brooklyn politics, the Marines and the Federal prosecutor's office in

Brooklyn, where he has tried cases against organized crime names. Gillen was beginning to feel, however, that John Moran was a special responsibility. As did all the people who came down as witnesses on Moran's behalf. In the dreariness of his times, John Moran possesses one of the most needed resources, a sensational personality. Many always have felt that the government should subsidize those people who have a particular ability to brighten the lives of anybody they meet. It would be a sheer delight, for example, to meet John Moran on a bus. Moran would make a perfect stranger feel important and secure and would make the man smile. How many have this ability? And here, rather than subsidizing this talent, the government was attacking it.

"Oh, Mike, very important," John Moran said as he came back into the hallway.

"What?" Gillen said.

"I got a call today from one of my banks. I'm late on a loan payment. Do you think it's all right if I take the day off and go up and pay it?"

Gillen smiled.

Only once during the trial did Moran admit, "It gets to you a little, doesn't it?"

"Gee, wasn't that nice of all these people to come here and testify for me?" Moran said.

"Forget about them and concentrate on the answers you're going to have to give on the witness stand."

"Oh, yeah, but they were nice enough to come down here for me."

Moran went back inside the courtroom to resume talking to the prosecutor. No matter what he was told, he could not see the prosecutor as a bad guy.

"He's going to make me sick," said somebody out in the hallway.

"That's Moran, you can't change him just because he's on trial," said John English, a politician and lawyer on hand as a character witness.

John Moran's finest hours in American politics have come out of his inability to pass up a chance to talk to anybody. At the Democratic National Conventions, John Moran is the man who stops to speak to the ushers and guards who stand at the gates leading to the convention floor. Out of which come the tags and tickets and stamped hands required of anyone trying to go out onto the convention floor. In Atlantic City in 1964, John Moran began with a hot dog and coffee for one gatekeeper on the convention's first day. By the big final night, John himself was at the gate, waving in a crowd of people who had no credentials and who wound up using half the seats of the Ohio delegation. In Chicago in 1968, with security at a ridiculous level, Moran talked his way onto the floor. Delegates were forced, by Mayor Daley's idea of dignified security, to wear their admission tags on elastic cords put around their necks. John Moran bumped through the mobbed aisles, a pair of scissors snipping at elastic cords, and he came back with enough admission tags to get a lobby full of ticketless New York politicians onto the floor. In Miami in 1972, John spent the first half of the convention's first night talking to a gatekeeper alongside the platform. It was almost too easy for Moran. First, he made the guy

feel important. "I've been to a lot of these conventions, but I think you people here do a better job than any gate crew I've ever seen. Care for some coffee? I'm going out to McGovern's trailer to get some." The gatekeeper said yes. John ducked out to a concession stand, bought coffee and returned. "I don't know if I put in the sugar. I had to get out fast, Senator McGovern is calling in and raising hell with the staff in the trailer. I never saw him like this."

For the remainder of the convention, Moran personally brought onto the floor a party whose numbers on the last night reached into the 30s.

The biggest actual political job John Moran ever had was as special prosecutor to the Speaker of the State Assembly. The salary was $10,000 a year. When the Democrats blew the majority in an election, John was given another patronage job at much less pay. When John Moran's man went out of office, John went off the payroll. This reduced his political activity to putting up posters. His father had run a poster business as a sideline for 50 years, taking the profits to the race track. It was a colorful, bustling business. But in the middle '60s, the amusement industry began dwindling badly; people are afraid to come into cities because of crime. And because of Vietnam the politics of New York were changed forever; the Bella Abzugs took to the streets, using volunteers to put up posters. Volunteers! John Moran's father died hating the Movement not for its ideology, which he never bothered reading, but because of all these New Left kids who tore around town in their sneakers, slapping up posters for free. What remains of the Moran poster business is conducted at night. In a storefront office on 73rd Street, the men who go out with the posters each night stand around waiting while Carlo, the foreman, cooks up the paste. Poster paste is cooked in a pot just like sauce for spaghetti. Sometime after 10 o'clock, the later the better, the men go out with a truck of paste and posters and they search for the great prize: an empty wall, new fencing on a construction site near the Queensborough Bridge. Soon the wall or the fencing is plastered with posters. "Vikki Carr at Carnegie Hall." Or "Abe Beame Will Turn New York Rightside Up. He Will Not Turn It Inside Out." One of the jobs John Moran remembers with fondness was for the campaign of Andrew Stein for State Assembly. The Andrew Stein poster used nine sheets. A nine sheet is so big it comes in three sections. First you slap up Andrew Stein's right ear, his election slogan directly alongside it. Then you slap up Andrew Stein's mouth and eyes. Lastly, you fit in Andrew Stein's left side, plus his name. One time Moran was drinking and mishandled a 24 sheet of a bathing beauty. A 24 sheet is big enough to cover the side of an apartment house. The bathing beauty came out upside down.

The poster business the father left is such that John, after drumming up business during the day, often finds himself rushing an empty fence at three a.m. and slapping up two sheets of "Gigi, Now at the Uris Theatre." Even with this hard work, John Moran had personal loans with six banks on the day he walked in to begin his trial. Which was the complete measure of his financial situation. And much more important, the measure of his ability to charm people working in a loan department.

John Moran was on the witness stand for a day and a half. Dry, slow testimony in a courtroom that was depressing and usually completely empty. A crowded courtroom, with life and theater to it, is much less intimidating than an empty room where the danger, as represented by the 12 jurors, seems more present. The 12 jurors are the centerpiece of the room, and they sit there like cold spikes.

> "I began thinking how Jerry Ford bought new clothes for the Republican Convention, then tried to claim the cost as an income tax deduction"

The government's case was that back in the '60s, John Moran had said he owned the poster business and thus covered up his father, who was not paying taxes on the poster business. John Moran's defense was that his father ran the business. His father was continually ill during the final three years of his life, and when a revenue service agent first came around to ask questions, John Moran said the poster business was his. He did this to keep the agent away from his sick father.

It was hard to understand much else about the case, because the charge seemed like an obscure, technical violation rather than a real crime. But an obscure case tried in an empty courtroom does not mean the defense is not costly. John Moran was torpedoed, through the years, with legal costs that could amount to a year's income. The week before Moran went to trial, some people he knew threw a party and came up with the down payment for the lawyer he now had for the trial.

The government people in room 1506 had no such worry. The prosecutor and his assistants sat among a cartful of boxes and records. The Internal Revenue Service agents had subpoenaed between 125 to 150 witnesses during the course of the investigation. If one had to place a cost on the prosecution and trial—the judge, the jury pool needed to get the 12 who would decide the case, the typists, investigators, assistant district attorneys, the photostating—the total cost would have to be in the hundreds of thousands. Mike Gillen, who has been a part of Federal prosecutions, figured it was easily $500,000. There are few times when the Justice Department of the United States government finds itself able to marshal as much strength, perseverance and ceaseless indignation as when confronted with the opportunity to try a citizen of small resources on a matter involving income tax. The first revenue agent spoke to John Moran on July 17, 1967. The government then took six years and five months to bring John Moran into court.

I came to court as a character witness for Moran on a Friday. I did not know what the exact charges were and you could explain them to me today and I still would have trouble getting a purchase on them. Obviously, it was something to do with income tax. Now I am myself at this time trying to keep up on taxes. Fine, pay the money and keep your mouth shut. At the same time, I am not enthralled with people who don't pay taxes. What I heard later on about the father Moran did not impress me. If the father were in room 1506 he would have been in a hell of a lot of trouble. For the John Moran I know, I'd come to court. So in I came as a character witness. A nervous one too. I do not like dealing with the basics of somebody else's life. The judge, Arnold Bauman, is an established name in New York court circles, has been for years. He helped me out of the [illegible]. But Bauman wasn't the man I had to worry about. He was just refereeing the game. The jury was everything. And they now were judging John Moran on how I came across to them. I don't like that. Judge me on me. If you don't like me, then don't like me. But here, if they didn't like me they could perhaps take it out on John Moran. That's hardly my game. It was the first time I ever was a character witness for anybody and it will be the last time.

I went home, but I knew I was dead. And on Monday morning I was waiting for John Moran in front of the court and I spent the day watching his case. Both sides rested at noon. Gillen gave his summation. "The father gave him everything, and the father could take away

"At the Democratic conventions, John Moran is the man who stops to speak to the ushers and guards who stand at the gates. Out of which come the tags and tickets and stamped hands required of anyone trying to get onto the convention floor."

everything," Gillen said. He mentioned Irish and he mentioned Jewish family life in the city. Gillen, out of the ethnic collision called Brooklyn, was trying to tell them about the complete domination of a man as old Irish as the father Moran. And the complete loyalty a son of his would have to have. "If this is a conspiracy, that this man John Moran did not inform on his father, then God help us all," Gillen said.

The prosecutor got up. He began by saying the case did not involve Irish or Jewish or anything like that. The prosecutor then said, "This case involves whether or not Mr. Moran aided his father to evade . . ."

The judge charged the jury the next morning. I arrived in court when the jury was out.

John Moran was walking in the hallway with a cigarette. "I feel good, I think I'm all right," he said.

"Hey, nothing is all right until it's all right," I said.

"No, Mike feels good about it too," John said.

"He's supposed to, he's in the ring, but that doesn't make it a fact," I said.

"No, I have a good feeling," Moran said. "By the way. Very important."

"What?"

"Is Harwood taking over as elections commissioner in Nassau County?"

"I think so, what the hell do I know about that today?"

"No, you don't understand. Maybe I could get some posters up for him during the campaigns."

At 2:45 in the afternoon, the jury sent in a note. It wanted some testimony reread. The testimony was that of the Internal Revenue agent, Thomas Doonan. Gillen had hit at the credibility of Doonan's testimony. The jury came into the room through a door in the back. A small woman in a red sweater led them.

The court stenographer read the testimony aloud. It concerned the first time John Moran ever spoke to Doonan, the agent. The day the investigation began, July 26, 1967. Hearing the date, 1967, and then thinking that the culprit in the case, the father, had been dead for three years, I started to think like John Moran. How the hell could they even bring the matter into a courtroom? I began thinking about a little thing I read in the newspapers. It said that Jerry Ford bought new clothes to wear on the rostrum of the 1968 Republican Convention at Miami Beach. Ford then tried to claim the cost of the clothes as income tax deductions. Sons of bitches. And here we're debating John Moran's whole life.

As the court reporter kept reading the testimony, I grew uneasy. The jury only wanted this one part re-read, and I didn't like it. They then filed back into the room. I looked at the clock. It was 3:07 p.m.

"The first thing they'll do is go back inside and take a vote," somebody said in the hallway.

"If they come back fast after listening to that, we're in trouble," somebody else said.

"What's fast?"

"Half hour. Maybe faster than that."

"I don't think so," John Moran said. "They looked like nice people to me. It's fine."

There were four of us pacing the hallway for Moran. Only once did John Moran whisper to me, "It gets you a little, doesn't it?"

"What time is it?"

"Four o'clock."

"That's better," somebody said.

"Oh, I told you I had a good feeling," John Moran said.

At 4:15, everybody felt better. A couple of minutes later, Gillen came over. "A verdict," he said.

Everybody took seats. There was a slam in the front of the courtroom and Judge Bauman came in. It was 4:22.

He told the marshal to bring in the jury. The jury came in straight-faced and not looking at the defendant. The last time I saw a jury come in looking this bad they had a not guilty in a homicide case in Queens. The clerk asked if the jury had a verdict.

The woman in the red sweater stood up.

"We have."

"And what is your verdict?"

"Guilty."

The next few minutes dissolved. And now we were out in the hallway and I looked to Gillen and I saw he was wounded, too, and then John Moran started jingling some dimes.

"Hey, make some phone calls for me, will you?"

"What are you effin' crazy?"

"Well, you have to let people know what happened."

"Hey, this isn't an effin' primary we just lost."

"Yeah, but you're still supposed to let them know."

"Leave me alone," I said.

"Oh, don't worry, we'll win it on appeal," John Moran said.

I closed my eyes. The cost of the trial minutes alone could run over $3,000.

The prosecutors and the agents were inside the courtroom, putting all their papers back into boxes. A voice inside the courtroom, one of the marshals or a clerk, called out to them: "Congratulations." ●

The traveling carnival of racism

By Larry L. King

Dr. William Shockley, the Nobel physicist, brings his notion of black genetic inferiority to Princeton and throws Ivy League liberalism into chaos

Princeton is a neat, tree-shaded, prosperous little town where you don't see much urban blight unless you're really looking, a town possibly designed by the Disney people right down to pipe-puffing Fred MacMurray types walking their friendly shaggy dogs along broad avenues.

Not to say that some poor folks don't abide, every town needing its lower classes to provide goods and services, or that soon-to-be-nostalgic gasoline fumes won't smart your eyes during the twice-daily 20-minute rush hours or on football Saturdays, at least, along Nassau Street. Which, should you follow its meanderings to its nearest significant extremities, ends in New York City and Trenton.

If you live in Princeton, N.J., you may commute to New York to edit books, help run Wall Street or work for educational television; provided you get home on the 7:27, nobody much will gossip. The only time you go to Trenton is under subpoena. If your best Princeton friend invites you to dinner, wear a necktie. Presbyterians captured the town not long after its founding; doubtless their dour spirits would revive could they but return for inspections.

But Princeton is a pleasant, unhurried place; in most precincts you can actually leave your front door unlocked without suffering nocturnal murder. There are genteel folks who write books as well as read them and who summer in Vermont or better. Lots of Famous People have, or had, their Princeton roots. Woodrow Wilson. John O'Hara. Bill Bradley. James Madison. Scott Fitzgerald. John Foster Dulles. Dick Kazmaier. George Gallup. Adlai Stevenson. Bill Ruckelshaus. Fella name of Al Einstein. Plenty of Frelinghuysens. The Palmers, who left so many goodies behind that the right sources named places and things after them: Palmer Square, Palmer House, Palmer Stadium. What I'm trying to say is, it ain't exactly Flem Snopes territory.

They got 'em a good college at Princeton. Whatever quality education America provides, why, then, a fair portion originates there. Princeton once was reputed as the Ivy League school where the fun-loving sons of wealthy Southern planters matriculated; it had Flaming Youth and weekend Flappers long after other places judged them extinct. In the explosive '60s, when the campuses at Columbia, Harvard and Berkeley were being seized, fire-bombed or trashed, Princeton students mostly conducted earnest debates over whether to sign petitions or strike.

In days of old—some claim—Jews, blacks and poor white trash got admitted only carefully and in that order. For about five years now, even women have been welcome. Even so, there is something defensive about many Princeton University people. They seem to worry that in a rowdy era they may have remained a shade stuffy or haven't shown enough zing, hip or loud concern. So when a crisis arises and the eyes of the nation are on Princeton, its people are about half-afraid of not doing the proper thing—and about half-afraid they will.

For days before the appearance in Princeton of Dr. William B. Shockley, the campus was in a tizzy. The *Princetonian* devoted its space to the pros and cons of whether Dr. Shockley should be permitted to speak, an issue splitting the faculty and causing friction among various campus groups. The university's official position was that he should be allowed to say his piece, although—it was made perfectly clear—his views were strictly his own and not those of the institution. From all the security planning you might have thought Princeton was hosting a polo match between Britain's Royal Family and what's left of the Nixon Administration.

Dr. Shockley is a Nobel Prize-winning physicist who has the notion that blacks—well, let him say it: "My research leads me inescapably to the opinion that the major cause of American Negroes' intellectual and social deficits is hereditary and is racially genetic in origin and thus not remediable to a major degree by practical improvement in environment."

A lot of people interpret that, bluntly put, as: "You can take the nigger out of the ghetto or the cotton patch but you can't take the ghetto or the cotton patch out of the nigger." You can quickly understand why Dr. Shockley's name is spoken as a special curse when blacks say it. He has been denounced as a racist, a

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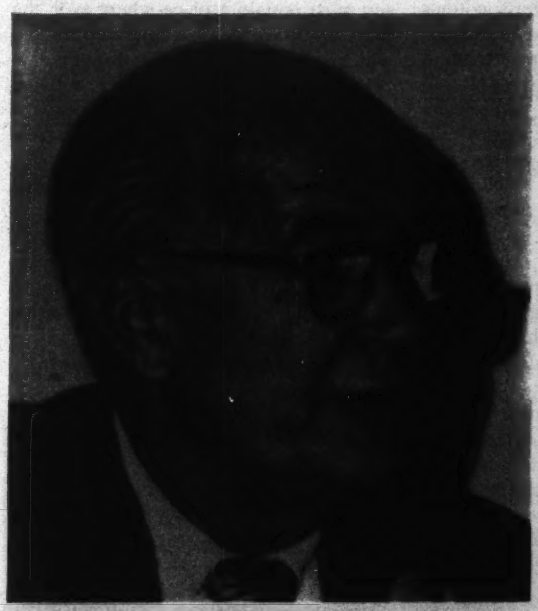
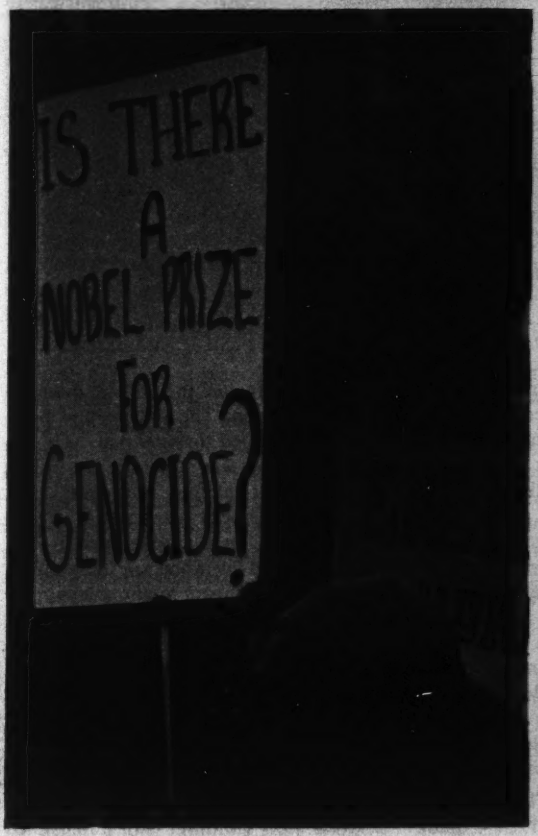
Contributing Editor King's non-fiction collection, The Old Man and Lesser Mortals, *will be published in January by Viking. He is the author of* Confessions of a White Racist *and a visiting professor at, of all places, Princeton.*





PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT MERRIFIELD

Above left, Dr. William B. Shockley, about to be confronted by, below left, a Princetonian picket. At right, a Shockley effigy soon to be set aflame.

Nazi, a fascist and a plain vanilla nut.

Staten Island Community College howled down Shockley's attempt to speak. He was prohibited the platform at Harvard, Dartmouth, Brooklyn Poly. Leeds University, in England, had second thoughts about awarding him an honorary degree. Stanford University, where Dr. Shockley teaches electrical engineering, rebuffed his efforts to teach a course in genetics. Many who teach or research in that field scoff at Shockley's theories and badmouth his research as limited, inconsequential or worse. He has been put down by the National Academy of Sciences as someone who doesn't know what he's talking about.

" 'Racist' is an epithet that no longer harms my self-esteem," Dr. Shockley says. "It did once. But now, I know it to be untrue. What is racism? Dictionary definitions use prejudice, racial fear and hate—hostile, irrational emotion. Raceology is one name proposed for the dispassionate analysis of racial differences that I attempt. Egalitarian dogmatists, those who dismiss my concern by accusing me of racism, reveal facts about themselves—not about me."

Simply put, Dr. Shockley believes that black people don't have as many smarts in their genes as the rest of us. He has bugged Roy Wilkins, executive director of the NAACP, and other blacks who challenge him with the suggestion that they help him obtain blood samples from "a few hundred Negro intellectuals to be used in research on the effect of white ancestry on intelligence." It does not soothe his critics that Dr. Shockley says, "My research does not suggest that *all* Negroes are inferior to whites" and then adds that his research does indicate, however, that most of them are. He advocates a Voluntary Sterilization Bonus Plan, under which people with low IQ scores would be paid for being rendered incapable of reproduction: the lower the IQ, the larger the bonus. To many blacks this sounds suspiciously like genocide, and to others it brings back shivery memories of Adolf Hitler's final solution to "the Jewish problem."

Princeton's Whig-Clio Society invited Dr. Shockley to debate Roy Innis, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality, on December 4th. Immediately, the shit hit the fan. Such campus organizations as the Association of Black Collegians, the University Action Group, the Asian-American Students Association and the non-university Attica Brigade pledged trouble should the debate be held. Blacks, not only at Princeton but elsewhere, pressured Mr. Innis not to appear: he would merely lend himself to a wide distribution of Dr. Shockley's dangerous views. People stood in little clumps under the campus trees and waved their arms, hotly agreeing with each other that Shockley's notions were so foolish as not to be even marginally debatable. In the downstairs bar at The Annex, a watering hole across Nassau Street from the campus, a semi-drunk fella asked—mildly, carefully, merely testing the depths of campus anger and tensions—something like this: "Well, now. Since blacks often seem *physically* superior to whites—I mean, look at their disproportionate success in professional sports—and if it's true that the genes control many physical characteristics, and we know that they do, is it absolutely forbidden to consider the possibility—just the *possibility*, now—that the genes with respect to intelligence—" And nearly got his ass whipped before he could complete the sentence, spending the next hour hotly proclaiming that, goddammit, he didn't *advocate* the theory, didn't believe it; but *were* people so up-tight they became emotionally blind in refusing even to examine the scientific possibilities?

Faculty members got on record, and though they stated themselves carefully they were certain to displease some-

Dr. Shockley talked of over-population and how, unless plans were made, the dumb soon might inherit the earth

body. Robert A. Scott, associate professor of sociology: "One factor is the issue of free speech at the university and the other is an insulating racial question. I find Shockley's position repugnant, but I could not oppose his right to speak."

And so on and so forth.

Whig-Clio President Michael J. Shepard and others noted that controversial speakers were nothing new at Princeton—that Alger Hiss, among others, had been permitted to speak at a time when many considered his name a blasphemy—and suggested that any institution of higher learning might be adopting a fragile pose, indeed, should it prohibit the clash of free voices. Princeton president William Bowen said, "An invitation to speak here carries with it no presumption that the views of the speaker are legitimate or valid—or even that many people will find they are worth hearing. The test of whether an individual can be received on this campus and can receive a hearing is not agreement with the individual's point of view or endorsement of his professional qualifications by the president or anyone else. We are not that kind of institution. Whatever the circumstances, the university must remain a place where even the most heretical ideas can be discussed." To which many said "Amen" and others said "Horseshit;" dissident student activists said that racism was being encouraged under the false banner of academic freedom. Dr. Shockley, meanwhile, was saying from long distance that he counted on Princeton to provide proper security, to the extent that he would be not merely physically safe but have the opportunity to be heard. Mr. Innis was not saying much of anything; rumors made the rounds that he might not appear.

Meetings were held into the night among Provost F. Sheldon Hackney, Dean of Students Adelle Simmons, representatives of student government, Whig-Clio folk, proctors and campus policemen. Dean Simmons let it be known that official photographers and proctors would be on hand to identify big troublemakers; those who got out of hand might face expulsion. Only people with Princeton University identification cards would be admitted to the debate; protesters would be swiftly dealt with should they interfere with anyone attempting to enter the hall. One got the notion that official skulls were as tight as bongo drums and that many might be able to play "Tiger Rag" simply by combing their hair.

On Tuesday morning—the day of the scheduled debate—Lucy Hackney, wife of the Princeton provost, said, "I think Sheldon will be happy to get home to a tall drink tonight. We'll all be glad when it's over."

Dr. Shockley invited the press to the Nassau Inn at noon. The debate had been cleverly scheduled for 4:00 p.m. in hopes of avoiding outside agitators; no public announcement of the hour was proclaimed. Dr. Shockley conducted his personal little IQ test among media folk. What he asked everyone, on the grounds that his genetic theory might go unappreciated among those dull-witted at mathematics, was: "How much is 60 percent of 60 percent?" Brighter minds among the media brothers and sisters circulated the fraternal word that the proper answer was 36. To all who so responded, Dr. Shockley said: "You're a genius."

Some two dozen geniuses joined what had been billed as a luncheon press conference. What was wrong with that was that only Dr. Shockley got anything to eat. "I don't have an expense account," he explained to newsmen who munched candy bars or potato chips. The black

waiter who brought Shockley's tray knew nothing of his customer's theories and when they were explained, waved away suggestions of comment and fled. Dr. Shockley muttered in irritation that the waiter had forgotten his orange juice. Might have been something in the waiter's genes, some smart-ass suggested. Dr. Shockley glared.

He looked like somebody's kind uncle, a small little man with a pot belly and a fringe of white hair; he had a soft, near-womanly face and might have been a Midwestern hardware merchant who probably belonged to the Shriners. Human troglodytes carrying microphones, flash cameras, and klieg lights blinded everybody and ran over old-fashioned newsmen with no more armaments than pads and pencils; tempers got short; there were threats and shouts of "son-of-a-bitch" and demands that they turn off those goddamn lights. The doctor read from his prepared statement about 13 times, repeating it for the various microphones. He appeared slightly bewildered at the raucous confusion and kept asking people to show him their press cards. Only the kid from the Harvard *Crimson* did so.

A sophomore showed his back to Shockley for an hour.

Dr. Shockley talked of over-population and how, unless plans were made to the contrary, the dumb soon might inherit the earth. "I believe in welfare," he said, fuzzily, and then added that unless those of lesser intelligence quit breeding so rapidly mankind might soon be in jeopardy. Somebody asked how Shockley had first become interested in his genetic theory. He began a long rambling story about a black kid with a low IQ who robbed a liquor store in 1946—and then the doctor abruptly broke it off to say, "I've been interested in this science for most of my lifetime." What about his own parents? Well, they had been college graduates, affluent, professional people. No, he wasn't a Southerner: his family had been New England whalers.

Why was he making such a campaign of his genetic theories? "I think we need to reason together. I feel my work is the same as urging a sick friend to have a complete medical examination and diagnosis. And"—here he risked a small wintry smile—"perhaps 80 percent of it is genetic."

He brought out a chart showing blacks to be not worth a farthing at abstract reasoning and numbers. Jews and Chinese, he said, were real good at them. He said if everyone would stick around he would show lantern slides proving his theories, it being important that citizens knew what a disastrous course lay ahead should genetic trends and truths be ignored. "We are dealing," he said, "with a very serious and tragic situation. People are against me because of their ridiculous emotions. They look at my appearances as some sort of competitive game. They find it too painful to face the facts." People wandered in and out, shoving and cursing. The doctor gave up on his lantern slide show and sat down to eat, still complaining about his forgotten orange juice.

Long before the appointed hour some 300 or more Princeton students gathered in front of McCosh Hall, walking in a large circle and chanting: "Flush Shockley's Shit." And: "The Nobel Prize And Then Some . . . The Nobel Prize And Then Some . . . The Nobel Prize and Then Some." Also: "Nobel Prize—Genocide; Nobel Prize—Genocide; Nobel Prize—Genocide."

Word had circulated that Roy Innis would not appear for the debate: the Whig-Clio Society had received a telegram at 11:52 a.m. damning Princeton's "social elitism and dangerous intellectual isolationism," which—Mr. Innis said—was shown by the debate's restricted press coverage and "restricted access to blacks and other community people." So Mr. Innis, for those reasons, would not appear. This was no grand surprise to Whig-Clio officials, who a week earlier had suspected this very development, and so had placed anthropologist Ashley Montagu on backup status. Within moments of receiving the Innis telegram, Whig-Clio handed out mimeographed press releases chiding Mr. Innis and accusing him of being more interested in "personal publicity" than in a debate. "Aw, shoot," Dr. Shockley said, on hearing he would debate Mr. Montagu. "I know *his* act. We've debated before." He waved a small, white hand in dismissal.

Blacks, while pleased that Mr. Innis had caved in under the force of their demands, were outraged that the debate would go on. "We're here to *stop* Shockley," an angry young black hooted through a bullhorn. "White liberals, man, they're debatin' about how smart *we* are."

Dean of Students Adelle Simmons, walking in tight little circles around the larger one made up of chanting students, fretted: "The blacks feel betrayed and double-crossed that we're going on with it. But, face it, I think it's better to have it over. Otherwise. . . ." She shrugged, implying another dismal day. There were shouts as a dummy labeled "Shockley" was strung up from a tree and burned in effigy. Some blacks shouted, "That ain't just Shockley burnin', man. That's fuckin' white liberalism burnin'."

A long, long line of students and faculty members waited—a bit shamefaced—for the doors to open. "We'd hoped, frankly, the boycott would work," Dean Simmons said. "Obviously, it hasn't." Anti-Shockley forces had called upon all Princetonians to boycott the debate as the most effective means of shafting the devil: he would be permitted to speak but, the theory ran, only to empty seats. But Whig-Clio, some said, pressured its friends to appear and others appeared to show their refusal to be intimidated. The chanting demonstrators challenged those waiting to go inside: "Join us . . . Join us . . . Join us." Proctors and policemen, wary but calm, stationed themselves between the demonstrators and those waiting to enter McCosh Hall.

Yes, the students were in place with their chants, placards, and angers: one had seen the scene played when King Richard invaded Cambodia; after Kent State; at Chicago in 1968; in Washington on a

certain May Day when John Mitchell's forces swept the streets arresting anything young that moved. Yet, something seemed out of kilter. Something was not quite . . . well, *right*. Ah, yes: it had the feeling of a mere dress rehearsal. It was as if the Princeton kids were attempting to make a movie of the 1960s, but didn't have a technical advisor who remembered how it had been. What was missing was the old sense of danger, the feeling that real malice lurked in the crowd, that real explosions were imminent.

The audience sat embarrassed and then applauded themselves, apparently, for *being* racists

A student dressed KKK-style gave the Nazi salute and shouted, "Right on!"

When the line began moving the protesters grew louder: "Every*body* goes in . . . Every*body* goes in . . . Every*body* goes in." Those who did ducked their heads in the face of this new sarcasm. They produced their campus I.D. cards, submitted to searches of briefcases or large handbags and scurried, somewhat nervously, inside.

Before Dr. Shockley could begin his opening statement, a young, bearded representative of the Attica Brigade rose in the audience, damned the proceedings in no uncertain terms and asked all nonracists to join in a walkout. Five people did. As Shockley opened, a black sophomore named Terrance Robinson stood up and showed his back to the stage, an attitude he maintained for the next hour. One had expected catcalls and hecklings as Dr. Shockley read his more inflammatory statements: ". . . in intellectual areas the probability on a per capita basis (of blacks attaining the distinction that whites achieve) is about 10 times smaller for blacks than whites. . . . The disregarded threat that I focus upon, and more for blacks than for whites, is dysgenics. Dysgenics is the opposite of eugenics, which is defined as improvement (as by control of human mating) of hereditary qualities of a race. Dysgenics is best defined as retrogressive evolution through the disproportionate reproduction of the genetically disadvantaged. . . . I suggest there is a significant parallel between the attitude of German intellectuals in Hitler's day and our intellectuals' unwillingness to face the dysgenic threat. . . . I believe that the greatest contribution that can be made to reduce future agony for American Negroes is to diagnose the causes of their social illnesses. . . ." But, reading in a rapid, expressionless monotone, he rushed past and through his statement, producing in the audience only negative headshakes, an apathetic boredom and a queer silence. From outside came the faint echos of "Flush Shockley's Shit . . . Flush Shockley's Shit . . ." When Dr. Shockley ended his statement, a student wearing a pillowcase in the manner of a Ku Klux Klanner, stood, gave the Nazi salute, and shouted, "Right on, Brother Shockley, right on!" There were nervous titters.

Shockley was fidgety and angry. Two or three times in his statement he had paused to complain that his microphone hummed and whistled, obviously—he thought—a part of some conspiracy. And when emcee Marvin Bressler, grim and tense, once exchanged whispers with Whig-Clio President Shepard, Dr. Shockley had stopped to say to them: "I'm shocked that you would do this. I'll start again when you stop talking."

Enter Provost F. Sheldon Hackney. He conferred in whispers with sociologist Bressler. Whereupon Bressler announced a bomb scare: "We think it's an empty threat," he said, "but we're obliged to tell you of it. We've searched the building thoroughly. Those who wish may leave." Only one person did. The audience applauded its own courage. What was *not* told was that a foreign object had, indeed, been recovered and removed—exactly where the anonymous tipster had said it would be. Officials didn't know if it contained dynamite or dirty socks but simply threw it in the river on the theory that to open it might prove, ah, "counter-productive." Yes.

Ashley Montagu was not required to offer much rebuttal, Dr. Shockley having made such an inept presentation that he probably could not have instructed us how to catch a bus. He asked for a bewildering number of lantern slides to be flashed across the screen—weird, statistical silent rantings with zig-zag curves sometimes resembling grasshoppers with their backs broken or a row of vacuum cleaners—saying they proved this and that and whatnot. People yawned and scratched and removed themselves in small clots and knots and bunches. Mr. Montagu said in effect that it was all horseshit; told a few jokes; got nice applause. Near the end of the, what? *happening? non-event? semi-debate?* the black sophomore, Terrance Robinson, who was still standing back to the stage, ate us out for lending ourselves to "this travesty" and said we were all racists. Everybody sat embarrassed and then applauded themselves, apparently, for *being* racists. Right On. I left during the so-called question period, when a young lady was testifying at great length about how much she loved Jesus and vice versa.

Outside, where Attica Brigade members once had made a small effort at rushing the hall—only to be quickly rebuffed—it was growing dark and a member of the Association of Black Collegians told how it was no accident that, on the anniversary of Black Panther Fred Hampton's murder in his Chicago bed by racist pigs, Princeton had permitted a racist exercise. Everyone stumbled off to get that long tall drink as a reward for all the tensions, and somewhere in the bowels of McCosh Hall Dr. Shockley was being escorted to safety by oblique turns leading to obscure exits. Dean Simmons, tired and bedraggled, was asked to summarize. "It happened," she sighed. "It's over." Yeah. Sure. Right On. ●

How red is your neck?

The following questions have been developed for whites to gauge their reactions to blacks. After reading each question, circle the answer that *best* describes your reaction. You must answer the questions in numerical order.

First read the brief story below. After you have read the story, do not come back to it. You will be asked questions about it in the last part of the exercise. At the end, we will tell you how to score yourself.

A white man is driving down the street a little over the speed limit when a black man in a black Cadillac passes the white man and rather sharply cuts in front of the white man's car. The white man becomes extremely irritated and says to the attractive woman sitting next to him, "That black S.O.B. almost ran us off the road; I'll show him." The white man then overtakes the black man's car and cuts in front of him so quickly that the black man must brake suddenly, making his tires screech. "Is that man crazy?" the black driver shouts. The black man slows down and checks to make sure that the bottle of wine he just bought has not fallen off the seat and broken. The black man speeds up and gets a little closer to the white man's car. As he approaches the white man's car he sees a pistol lying in the rear window of the other car. He then says, "That man really is crazy," and slows down to let the white man go on. A few minutes later the black man pulls into a shopping center to make a call at a phone booth next to a liquor store. As he is about to get back into his car, he spots the white man coming out of the liquor store. The white man recognizes the black man's car and the bright orange T-shirt he is wearing and comes over to him. The white man, who's wearing a grey shirt, tells the black man that blacks think they own the roads *and* white girls. The black man replies "Look, man, you could have killed all of us!" Further words are exchanged and then the white man hits the black man in the face. A fight ensues until it is broken up by a policeman, who extracts explanations from both before sending them on their separate ways.

1 Suppose you had completed your shopping in a department store and you were leaving the store with an arm full of purchases. A black man was leaving the store in front of you and as he goes through the door, the door comes back and hits your arm, making one of your packages fall to the floor. The man going through the door before you goes on. Meanwhile, another man picks up and puts your package back in your arms.

How do you honestly think you would react to the man who went through the door before you? Would you most likely feel that:

1 The black man intentionally let the door hit your arm to show his hostility to you as a white person.
2 Blacks are unthoughtful in general.
3 He probably was just unthoughtful or unaware that you were behind him and race had nothing to do with it.

2 In the situation just described in question 1, think again about the man who picked up the package: did you, at that time, assume he was:
1 White
2 Black
3 Not necessarily either, because I did not make an assumption about his race.

Now, without going back to the story you were asked to read at the beginning of the exercise, try to recall the details of the story as you answer the questions below. DO NOT LOOK AT THE STORY AGAIN. If you cannot recall exactly, make the best guess you can.

Circle the answer that you think is correct:

3 Who was driving over the speed limit?
1 Black man
2 White man
3 Neither the white man nor the black man
4 Both the white man and the black man

4. Who was driving a black Cadillac?
1 White man
2 Neither
3 Both
4 Black man

5 Who made the sharp cut in front of the other car?
1 Black man
2 White man
3 Neither
4 Both

6 Who got mad and used profanity?
1 Black man
2 Both
3 Neither
4 White man

7 Who had an attractive woman sitting next to him in his car?
1 Black man
2 Both
3 Neither
4 White man

8 After he has been passed by the other driver, who speeds up to the car in front of him?
1 Black man
2 White man
3 Neither
4 Both

9 Whose car had a pistol in it?
1 Black man
2 Both
3 Neither
4 White man

10 Who comes out of the liquor store at the shopping center where both stopped?
1 Black man
2 Both
3 Neither
4 White man

11 Who was wearing the bright orange T-shirt?
1 White man
2 Neither
3 Both
4 Black man

12 Who did the policeman say started the fight?
1 Black man
2 Both
3 White man
4 He didn't say

How to score yourself. For each question, response categories are arranged from the most racist response to the least racist response. Add the numbers you circled in questions 1 through 12. Your score should fall somewhere in the range from 12 (most racist) to 46 (least racist). A score of 29 would be a moderately racist position. ●

suggested scoring

12-18 old-fashioned redneck | 19-34 fairweather liberal | 35-47 try-hard liberal | 48 you can debate Shockley

The quiz questions have been prepared by Clyde Z. Nunn, who is working at the Center for Policy Research on a book on the tolerance of nonconformity in the U.S.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CAROLYN BUCKLEY

The opening of the $107 million Vegas palace that is MGM's legacy—and its tomb

A starless night at the Grand Hotel

By Pete Hamill

From the distance, as we move down the darkened Las Vegas Strip, we can see the searchlights piercing the glossy blackness of the heavens, like signals for help. All over town, the lights are going out; the great baroque neon masterpieces have been doused or dimmed, as the fuel crisis and the national political disaster spread even to Vegas, like some dismal seedy fog. The searchlights are announcing the opening of the MGM Grand Hotel. They seem more like a gesture of farewell.

"There's stars everywhere here," a woman says to me. She is standing under the glittering marquee, part of one of those crowds that seem torn from the pages of *The Day of the Locust*, all the people who once warmed themselves at the fire of movie stars and spend so much time now staring alone at television. "I saw Howard Keel."

Behind us, the hotel climbs 26 stories, but already looks dusty and badly used. There is masking tape on some of the windows and powder from plaster and concrete sprayed on all the steel surfaces before us. Beyond the locusts, the front yard is a rubble of broken bricks and chewed sandy earth. Men work from a cherry picker, finishing the sign announcing the attraction: DEAN MARTIN. A Vegas TV host named Red McIlvane is in charge of announcements.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he says. "They are just finishing the last letter on the great MGM Grand Hotel sign. Isn't that something?" Everybody looks up at the sign. "Let's hear it for the marquee man."

Everybody cheers: an older woman with galoshes and Instamatic, young girls with doughy faces and woolen toppers, the guys with the windbreakers and the squinty Southern eyes. All of them are peering up at the sign. Then they turn again, as the security men in brown uniforms start pushing around the photographers.

"There's . . . there's . . ." The woman next to me is staring at the half-familiar face, frisking her memory, the flesh around her mouth quivering with effort. "There's Fred MacMurray."

And it is Fred MacMurray, all right, with his wife June Haver, and Jane Powell and Barbara Eden. The photographers are all photographing Barbara Eden's chest. MacMurray seems embarrassed. McIlvane's mike isn't working well, but he tries hard. "Ladies and gentlemen, that great star, Ba-uh-ruh Ee-en." Every other consonant seems lost. The name is incomprehensible, but the crowd cheers anyway. Barbara Eden's tanned breasts are bouncing, as if returning the applause.

Contributing Editor Hamill is the author of the new book, The Gift.

George Raft, "the man who taught a generation of gangsters how to dress," stirred the strongest memories.

Now they have a strip of film, which MacMurray and the others are trying to cut with a clapper board marked MGM Grand Hotel. This is the symbolic cutting of the ribbon, opening the hotel, but the clapper board isn't working well; no matter; they do it once, then twice more for the cameras. Jane Powell says, "It's marvelous and I'm very happy to be here." Everybody cheers the great quote.

I ask McIlvane what film it is that they are cutting.

"I don't know," he says. "Just a piece of film. No significance . . ."

A short guy with a cigar smiles, winks, nudges McIlvane.

"Hey, come on, it's gotta be the original *Grand Hotel.* Right?"

McIlvane immediately turns on the mike switch. "Ladies and gentlemen," he says, "the piece of film that is being cut right now is from the original MGM movie of *Grand Hotel.*" Oohs and ahs. But the film is 35 mm. and in color; it can't possibly be the original. It doesn't seem to matter. MacMurray, Powell, Eden and the others go back into the hotel. Then a small number of vintage cars start to arrive. Off to the left, a blue neon sign appears on the horizon: "Churchill Downs Race and Sports Book." The night is colder now; the crowd restless. The names start climbing out of the cars.

Foster Brooks, who plays drunks. Gordon MacRae: ("Folks, I hope you come down and hear me sing some new songs. I gotta new image, 'stedda singing', 'Ooooo-klahoooomaa, where the wind goes . . ." hey, I can't remember the words. . . ." McIlvane, after MacRae goes through the gauntlet to the hotel: "Wasn't that just great the way Gordon MacRae broke forth into song?" Britt Ekland arrives and then Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy. Says Hayes: "It's like Grauman's Chinese Theater . . ." That wasn't the image they wanted to create, of course, but Hayes gets a cheer anyway.

Then an old man, with a few wispy strands of white hair pasted to his head, climbs out of a car alone. He is short, slight, hunched, wearing a tuxedo and a pink shirt, a red handkerchief in his breast pocket. "Ladies and gentlemen, George Raft . . ." And now they ooh and ah for real. For George Raft is the movies: he's out of the '30s, gangster pictures, real stars, the days when there was still a sense of mystery to the people you watched in darkened theaters. George Raft, looking lonely and frail, glances around. The man who taught a whole generation of gangsters how to dress. He doesn't recognize anyone, and there is a scribble of fear in his eyes, before a guard leads him past the photographers into the casino.

Howard Keel arrives and then Jane Powell and Barbara Eden show up again, as if recycled, ushered through a side door

into one of the cars and back again. And that was it. That was all that the once great name of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer could assemble for the opening of something called the Grand Hotel.

The great stars were ghosts, or preferred to forget what MGM meant; the hotel, which cost $107 million, was all that was left of the name now that the movie company was, for all intents and purposes, gone.

Inside, the blackjack tables are half-filled, as the players move around under seven cut-glass chandeliers; roulette wheels purr; dealers try to raise some action. Girls with *Playboy* bosoms and uniforms out of old Philip Morris commercials move around blankly, serving cocktails. A long line waits outside the Celebrity Room, to catch Dean Martin at the dinner show, snaking through the rows of slot machines or staring down into a sunken baccarat pit, but there is something somber about the mood, as if the place had promised too much and delivered too little. Greta Garbo was just not there; and neither were John Barrymore or Wallace Beery or Joan Crawford or any memory of them. Instead, the hotel was like the movie studio itself in its last years: sleazy and tacky, worshipping budgets instead of movies, selling off the properties to create profits on paper, abusing talents, chopping up films made by directors like Sam Peckinpah as if those films were sausage. In its last year, no respectable filmmaker would work for MGM; where it was once the greatest of all the film companies, a place that Irving Thalberg and Louis B. Mayer had helped build into a synonym for class and luxury, under James Aubrey it became a synonym for schlock. Aubrey served as the Bob Haldeman for Kirk Kerkorian, the real estate operator who controlled the company; with the film company finished as a major producer, Aubrey was gone too; Kerkorian was left with his hotel. It should have said on the roof: "Here lies MGM."

The casino looked like a dozen other casinos; it lacked the dark, packed sense of action at Caesar's Palace or the frontier quality of the Riviera or the icy elegance of the Hilton. But it had the hookers in the dark dresses, the women with the Dixie cups trying to hustle the slots, the guys with sports coats and alpine hats with feathers jammed in the bands. "It's like the fourth night," says Cy Coleman, the composer. "Not the first." And it was true: and Grand Hotel felt as if it had been there for years, that the players and the inhabitants had been out there playing in the desert sands, and the hotel had been built around them.

Somehow the moment has been smothered. They introduce Cary Grant as if he were chopped liver

The same sense pervades the show in the Celebrity Room. The Kessler Sisters, twins, come out, looking like what the Doublemint Twins will be when they grow up; glittery metallic pants suits, "special material," dumb songs. Behind them, there is unpainted wood on the bandstand; the piano has a chip in it and is covered with fingerprints; the musicians look bored. I am sitting with Shirley MacLaine, and as the lights dim, an elegant, trim, white-haired man, wearing glasses, sits down with us. It is Cary Grant.

Now there are some stars in the room: Shirley MacLaine and Cary Grant. Nods, hellos, women looking away from the Kessler twins. Grant is nearly 70 and looks spectacular. He never really worked for MGM in the great days, but he is a friend of Kerkorian and is there to introduce Dean Martin. Grant drinks water, drums his fingers to the music, goes over his notes. "I lost my voice this afternoon," he says to us in an apologetic whisper. The Kessler twins dance in clown outfits. It is hard not to look at Cary Grant.

Then the Kessler Sisters are finished. An off-stage voice announces Cary Grant. But it is a bored, flat voice. What is this? A spotlight picks him out. He squints. Shirley is applauding. But somehow the moment has been smothered; this is Cary Grant, a man who provided pleasure to millions of people, a great film actor, a real, honest-to-goodness movie star and not the product of movie magazine hype or the fevered imaginations of press agents. Cary Grant. They introduce him as if he were chopped liver.

Grant is a modest man. He apologizes for his hoarse voice, and then he introduces the star of the show. Dean Martin. Dean starts out, holding a glass of booze and a cigarette, raises his eyebrows in thanks as Grant sits down. Dean starts to sing: "When you're drinkin'/When you're drinkin'/The show looks good to you/When you're drinkin'/And you get stinkin'/It helps your point of view. . ."

And he's into his act. It's hard to get angry at Dean Martin; he is what he is, and there isn't much to expect anymore. But he seems to be walking through the show, fat, rich, earning a reported $150,000 a week and doing the same act he did the last time he played the town. But somehow, the country seems to have changed, and Martin hasn't; the jokes are stale and anachronistic and there is a touch of hardness to some of them.

"I haven't been here for two years," he says, ". . . 'cause I wasn't allowed . . . me and the other dago . . . hey!" he looks up at three spotlights focused on him from the back of the room. "It looks like three goddam trains comin' at me here. . . . Speaking of Sinatra, I don't know, all he ever wanted was a home where he could lay his hat and a couple of his friends. . . . He retired you know, and they're puttin'

Cary Grant, left, introduced the star of the show, Dean Martin. For the ceremonial cutting of the ribbon, Fred MacMurray, flanked by Barbara Eden and Jane Powell, bottom right, hacked away at a film strip with a clapper board

his zipper in the hall of fame . . .".

There are jokes about drinking (the one about how Dean wouldn't walk the white line for the traffic cop "unless there's a net under it"); Las Vegas ("I called up and said there were two mice in my room and they sent up a starting gate"). People who had seen him years ago knew all the jokes and supplied the punch lines. Cary Grant says, "He has a marvelous stage presence, this man. . . ."

"Speaking of Halloween," Martin says, in the middle of a song, and everybody laughs. He has nothing at all to say about Halloween, of course, but nobody cares. He does some of the parodies he used to do on television: "Burn the town . . . and rape the people. . . ." Then he stops singing, sits on a stool, looks out: "Did you know George Washington was Polish? (pause) Who else would stand up in a rowboat?"

Most of it was like that, and then it was over, and Dean was gone. He didn't introduce the celebrities or the two big stars. The curtain came down, and that was that. We sat there for a long while, looking around the emptying room. Cary Grant said goodnight to Shirley MacLaine, while the photographers clicked away. But standing there, I wondered what it would have been like if Louis B. Mayer or Irving Thalberg had been opening the place. And I imagined a stage full of the most glittering stars the movies ever had, 100 or 200 of them, with the champagne flowing, and a reasonably tame lion brought in from somewhere and a dozen pianos and great blond dancing girls hoofing up and down gleaming staircases; a show full of joy and a sense of the moment and dumb mindless fun and that great American elegance that came from the dreams of poor Jewish kids who grew up in east side ghettoes at the turn of the century and went to Hollywood to reinvent the universe, as they wished it really would be. That would have been a show. A show conceived by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

But there was some sense that nobody knew how to dream those dreams anymore, that something bouncing and buoyant and confident had gone out of America, along with some elemental grace. Down the strip at the Riviera, Liza Minnelli was singing and dancing her guts out; you could catch Joe Williams singing the old early morning blues at the Tropicana Lounge, above the noise of the gamblers. But at the Grand Hotel they had Dean Martin walking through it and a building with neither character nor soul nor even memory of the past.

We went out through the casino and over in a corner, standing alone, was George Raft. He was hunched and pale and still alone. I wanted to see him take a silver dollar from a jacket pocket and flip it just once in the air, for old time's sake. But he just stood there. We went out into the night and got into a cab, and as we passed the hotel I looked back. The Dean Martin sign was still lit, but above his name, the letters MGM were out. ●

A Thousand Years of Peace-- and a Rolls Royce

Other gurus say there are no short cuts to spiritual growth, but 15-year-old Maharaj Ji offers instant gratification to kids who were too young to join the movements of the 1960s

By Nora Sayre

"If we go 100 miles in a car in the wrong direction, that is no use to us. We must go in the right direction."
—Guru Maharaj Ji

Tunnels of light streamed through the clouds, spokes of sun wheeled from each vast cumulus, gold burst against blue: it was a lush high Renaissance sunset which fulfilled an easterner's expectations of Texas. "Look," said a joyful premie who was driving a carload of us toward Houston, "that always happens when he arrives anywhere." She explained that Guru Maharaj Ji had just flown his own plane into a local airport. A few were startled by the thought of a 15-year-old pilot. "Oh, when you're the Lord of the universe, you can do anything."

During the Festival of the Millennium '73—"A Thousand Years Of Peace For Those Who Want It"—there was much to ponder both inside and outside the Houston Astrodome: above all, the extreme happiness of the premies (literally, lovers of the Lord), contrasted with the triumphant dullness of the speeches and the endless, drizzling satsang (spiritual discourse) and the tendency of vegetarian meals to increase the call for Kao-Pectate. There were rumors that "space saints" in UFOs were watching, that the Astrodome might take off like a flying saucer or that the whole world might be destroyed during the festival—and only those within the Astrodome would be saved.

Among the quasi-Indian costumes, as well as the young women in long print gowns and the men in proper jackets and ties (who rather resembled the McCarthy volunteers of '68), there were almost none of the ravaged faces that were conspicuous in the youthful crowds of two or three years ago, when the wastage meant heavy drugs or angst about Vietnam or the eager dread of anticipating the revolution which was surely just around the corner.

Here, the faces gleamed with health, and the skin was fresh and clear. Various premies told me that Maharaj Ji is omnipresent—that they can hear his voice in the next room when he's a continent away ("Oh, it's all so simple I can't explain it"), that they'd invited Nixon to the festival and that they love him because he's a human being ("I could just hug him, he's like my uncle"), that the guru's ulcer is a sign of his great compassion, because he's taking all our bad karmas upon him and that "to control the mind, to bring it to rest, it has to be controlled by the source of the mind itself: the rope that's really tying

Left, the premies arrive to welcome in the Millennium at Houston's Astrodome. Above, the Guru and his "heck of a car."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OWEN FRANKEN/CAMERA 5

Contributing Editor Sayre is the author of Sixties Going on Seventies *and a New York* Times *film critic.*

The Maharaj Ji's followers break into ecstasy as they greet him in the Delhi airport.

all the cells together." I also heard about "the divine husk which is full of divine wheat which is full of love" and that revelation moves at different speeds for different people: "If you live on the equator, dawn comes suddenly; if you live in the Northern Hemisphere, it's not quite so fast."

Yet another premie told me that he had been ready to make enormous sacrifices for Maharaj Ji: "And I was even prepared to give up astrology for him." (Then he found he didn't have to.) He also spoke of his own sense of growth: "I really had troubles before I saw the clear light. For example, I couldn't stand dogs or cats or little kids. Now, I dig kids. I just haven't quite made it yet with cats or dogs."

High above the stadium, the Astrodome's gigantic scoreboard flashed with affirmation:

MINE THINE
WEALTH HEALTH
GIVE THEM TO ME

There were love songs to the Perfect Master by Blue Aquarius, the rock band assembled by his corpulent 20-year-old brother, Bhole Ji: "Take away mah foood/ And mah shelter toooo/ Ah'll be awright/ As long as Ah can keep him *byee* mah side . . . Stranded in the desert sand/That's how Ah feel/ When Ah cain't find or feel/his lovin' hand. . . ." And there were promises that poverty and war and racism would be abolished, plus Rennie Davis' statement that "We will shelter, clothe and feed every human being on this planet."

In the midst of this titanic commercial, laced with testimonials to the product:

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and extended metaphors—"A mahatma is a tap for the buckets that we are. I mean, like he's above us. You can't fill a bucket that's on top of a tap. So the bucket must be under the tap"—the sweetness of the premies was almost overpowering: it's a fact about them that even the most cynical spectators can't escape. Hence you don't blame them for the reeking commercialism of the Divine Light operation nor for the guru's Rolls Royce, which he calls "a heck of a car." When asked why he doesn't sell it and donate the money to some of the starving people of India, he replied, "Because I have only one Rolls Royce . . . and they would only be hungry again the next morning."

Almost all the premies I talked with in New York and Boston and Houston reported that they'd done a great deal of dope before encountering the Divine Light movement. Some had been raised in intensely religious families, and they'd broken with the church while they were still in high school. Most stressed that they had been exceptionally unhappy before their discovery of the guru, and—although you rarely come across a contented adolescent—I believed them. One young man, who said that he'd "reached the end of the road at 20," when he "felt there was nothing left for me to do," added, "I realized that it was either suicide or enlightenment."

> One young man reached "the end of the road at 20" and "realized it was either suicide or enlightenment"

Hence deep doping and misery seem like the prerequisites for becoming premies. One of them concluded, "Everything that was empty in me before has now been filled." Another said, "Maharaj Ji is reaching the people who've really gone through *everything*, tried everything." However, I found none who'd had any solid experience of radical politics. Although the Divine Lighters claim that former radicals have flocked to join them, that appears to be propaganda, and Rennie Davis seems like a towering exception. The majority of premies I saw were 18 and 19 and 20; therefore, many were simply too young in '67 or '68 or '69 to have been part of the Movement.

Yet the worship of the Maharaj Ji can be understood only as a sequel to the '60s. First, one must sift the ashes of the antiwar movement itself—and remember that it was in ashes long before the cease-fire of 1973. Many premies didn't come of age until the Movement was in harsh decline: in '70 and '71, when Kent State and Jackson State and the Weatherpeople and the blast which killed a researcher at the University of Wisconsin and the random nationwide bombings caused many fledglings to associate politics with violence—whether the violence came from the government or the Weatherbureau. Thus, most of them recoiled from the remains of

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY ELLEN MARK

SDS and the other groups which had absorbed their elder siblings. However, the guru's guarantee of world peace naturally has a profound gut appeal for the youngest offspring of the '60s: they loathe war as much as their predecessors do.

Divine Light has capitalized on this, along with the impact of acid, which many premies had taken (but now, they say that the Divine knowledge is "a higher high, the ultimate trip"), the echoes of flower power and be-ins, "love" (the notion that you can love everyone, which the premies try to do), and freedom now: which can be achieved "*only* through the knowledge that Maharaj Ji reveals." The scorn for the mind that Timothy Leary preached back in the early '60s, when education and thinking were defined as obstacles to enlightenment, is restated by the faithful: you've got to be liberated from your intellect and your ego. Thus, the extreme mindlessness which disturbs many observers is actually the premies' goal.

Also, old pop culture is essential to this movement. When Blue Aquarius heaved up a medley of Bob Dylan, the Beatles, the Stones, the Supremes and other golden oldies and a huge screen flickered with pictures of the Kennedys in the Dallas motorcade, Lee Harvey Oswald's face as the bullet struck him, hamburgers and ketchup, Harlem, the Vietnamese, Porky Pig, Malcolm X and mothers nuzzling their babies, a couple of Texas University freshmen snickered that it was just "a blast from the past—all those old songs you heard in fifth or sixth grade." But these tunes trade on the early memories of the premies: when they were 10 or 11, acid rock and flowery music seemed to distill the magic of a happily stoned America, which wasn't so merry or innocent by the time they were old enough to roll their first joints. "He will make us like a little child again": the goal of returning to childhood is as ancient as human history. It's also one of the main hypes of this guru and lines like "She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah" and "I can't get no satisfaction" and "If you're goin' to San Francisco" help the premies to feel closer to their youngest selves.

Scoreboard: LET'S BECOME THE LAMB OF GOD BY STANDING ON THE FOUR LEGS OF TRUTH

After all the frustrations that followed the '60s—especially the waning confidence that life in this country could be improved—it was inevitable that many would be suffering from acute spiritual and emotional malnutrition. Small wonder that a number of people (including those without politics) have moved toward a galaxy of religions, old and new.

Musing on the other seductions of the Divine Light Mission, you realize that Americans want enlightenment as quickly as they want anything else. Many other gurus stress that spiritual growth is a slow process and that there are no short cuts.

An American disciple kisses the Guru's feet during a week-long temporary ashram on Delhi camping grounds.

But Maharaj Ji offers instant gratification. And receiving the knowledge is also like taking out an insurance policy: peace is promised for your future lifetimes as well as this one. Hence the "thousand years of peace": not only for the reincarnated individual, but for the blissed-out nations which won't want to fight anymore.

I caught another clue from a premie who explained that, "When you've taken knowledge, you're experiencing the secret of life, the thing behind. So even if you thought you were the biggest failure in the world, then you *know* you're not a failure." It's unsurprising that people who are depressed and set a low value on themselves are greatly cheered by hearing that they're part of the universal perfection. (Walt Whitman, at the peak of his own transcendental high, wrote that "the pismire is equally perfect.") Thus, self-hate or self-doubt is meant to be dissolved by the Divine Light.

Yet another reflection came from a premie's slightly rueful father, who was describing the extremely hard work that his daughter does in her ashram: the cooking and cleaning that occupy much of her time. "Maybe the attraction is that they never had much discipline at home. We told them to concentrate on *self*-discipline—and that didn't work very well. Now they like being told what to do. The ashram's like a monastery. . . . I think that if they were all told to walk into a lion's den, they would. Like early Christians."

Blue Aquarius: "All he wants to do/ Is entirely right for you/ And all you've got to do/ Is listen . . . Just listen/ And he will take you ridin' with hi-i-imm. . . ."

A former follower of Maharaj Ji said that, after an enormous acid experience, someone can desperately feel the need of a guru: "A person who can put a finger on your head and explain it all to you. Divine Light exploits this. And when you get into that kind of desperation, you believe everything. You can't tell who's a real guru or not. So what convinces you is other people—who may have deluded themselves."

Divine Light is like a paramilitary outfit. Big Brother and Big Daddy have been replaced by Big Baby

Blue Aquarius: "Awaitin' the word of the Master . . ./ I'm listenin' to catch his orders/ In the very midst of the fight." And indeed, the passivity of the highly organized premies who follow all those orders so gladly makes some outsiders queasy. Despite all the protestations about liberty for everyone, Divine Light functions like a paramilitary outfit. Apparently, Big Brother and Big Daddy have been replaced by Big Baby, whose program gratifies those who want to be told what to do.

You have to slog through a swamp of parables when you pursue the Perfect Master's wisdom. These can start with a fish trying to drink water and end with a photographer dismantling a camera or involve a king getting a message. Maharaj Ji likes tales about the conversion of non-believers: "There was a swan . . ." who described the sun to some young owls who had never seen it. "Their parents say, 'You must be kidding, there ain't anything like that.' " But the swan takes the owls to see the sun and "it just blew their minds; they said, 'Wow, they'd never seen anything like it.' " And: "Once there was a toad that came out of the ocean " who spoke of that vast body of water to a land frog who couldn't imagine anything larger than a well. Seeing the ocean "blew him apart, because it was limitless"—like the knowledge. Or: "Supposing there is a hotplate . . ." Someone warns you that it's hot, or you see it glowing red, so you don't touch it. "But sometimes you can't see it, you

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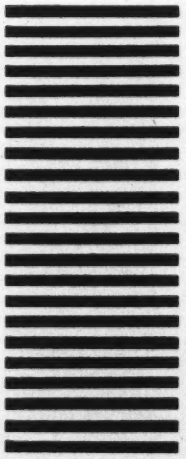

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Surrounded by his mahatmas, Maharaj Ji greets a German premie wearing a Frankenstein mask.

burn your hand." (Like the knowledge, truth can be invisible.) However, "when you believe it, you know it, so you understand it."

Deeply as he loves humanity, the guru seems to have an equal passion for cars: there was even more car imagery than parables from natural history. "Ladies and gentlemen, we are big cars . . . but when perfection is not coming to us perfectly, we do not run properly. Like cars."

The Divine Lighters disdain words, which are inadequate to convey the glory of the knowledge. Nonetheless, they're very wordy and they seem unable to express anything without rambling. Despite the premise that "souls can speak to the souls," there's just as much rhetoric as there was in the antiwar movement. Also, when language is considered the enemy of meaning, you end up with pronouncements like "The sun comes up in the sky, it's just that it *is*, it's *there*."

Rennie Davis now uses as much old-style slang as the guru does: far out, wow, dig, like this cat was freakin' out, pow. When Davis said that Maharaj Ji was "like wow, a flower that unfolds," he seemed to age 10 years before our eyes. But, like the other premies, he appears to be incapable of embarrassment. (In Houston, Jerry Rubin's face was a study in horror when Davis said that he now thinks that the main point of sex is "to have a child.") Davis also told us that the meek will inherit the earth. Never has he sounded so arrogant as when he talks about humility.

Otherwise, most of the premies sound very much alike. Their efforts to suppress the ego and their dependence on stock phrases—"When you know, you just know" or "What he is is love"—make many of them seem like interchangeable spare parts an idea that would probably please them.

There are also many slabs of cosmic gargle. Some premies listened humbly in Houston while a mahatma told them: "Positive plus negative equals zero. But by splitting the zero, you can create a polarity, from which blocks of matter can be made. Then raw energy is created." Throughout, the long droning speeches and the eternal satsang suggested that repetition and boredom were meant to have an hypnotic effect: that groggy souls may be most receptive.

Scoreboard: PATIENCE IS A GOOD VIRTUE BECAUSE IT MAKES YOU HUNGRY AND HUNGER IS GOOD BECAUSE IT MAKES YOU EAT MORE

You hear a lot about lilas: "God's gameplaying." These include the Maharaj Ji's habits of squirting water or shaving cream at his disciples, pushing them in swimming pools and mud puddles and wearing false noses and monster hands. Lilas might also cover the credibility to flying crockery or Rennie Davis' earnestness when he vowed that Mao Tse-tung will join the rest of us in adoring the guru—a couple of years hence. Apparently, lilas are intended "to blow your mind, really freak you out," outrage your rational sense and thus prepare you to "surrender" the intellect and the sense of self. It sounds more like a spiritual enema, but no one defined it that simply. Instead: "A lila is when you go out on a limb and you think: oops."

However, many of the premies seem trusting enough to believe the lilas—to the extent that they're disappointed when the promises turn out to be fantasies. (Dozens said that the guru would have a surprise for them on the festival's final night. He didn't. A few tried to reassure themselves that it was a lila: "I guess maybe he was testing our devotion?") Also, the lila often seems like an old fashioned put-on, complete with all the hostil-

ity which that brand of pretense implies. In fact, you sometimes suspect that the whole Divine Light movement is a giant put-on. Only the rapt faces of the premies tell you differently.

Scoreboard: TRUTH IS THE TARGET. THE KING IS THE BULLET. READY. AIM. FIRE

Saving humanity is only one of the projects of the Divine Light Mission: at times, it's mentioned almost as casually as a trip to the laundromat. The world "is becoming unlivable" because "man is destroying the whole planet." And Maharaj Ji is often quoted on the admission that he "came just in time," what with the Middle East and Watergate "and the energy crisis and everything." If he'd delayed by even a year, it might have been too late.

A premie who dreamed that the Perfect Master had given him a little golden yo-yo, expanded on the universal need: "He does come to you always—whether in the flesh or not, it doesn't matter—but he always comes when you need him. That's why he's come now, 'cause the whole creation was cryin' out for him, just beggin' for him to manifest."

In the Divine City, which will be built in about two years (sites are being "considered" in this country), there will be no money, because everything will be free. People will just go into stores and take what they want—though no one will take anything he doesn't need. The natives will pay their bills in services (from singing to typing, whatever they do best) instead of currency. There will be beautiful plazas, hexagonal structures, waterfalls, a great-satsang hall, monorails and duorails and fossil fuel cars. No pollution at all. Teaching machines will endow you with four languages in six weeks (through alpha waves) and you'll even have a toothbrush with toothpaste in the handle: squeeze and it comes right out. "Everyone will participate in the arts as well as watch them." Otherwise, the plans for the City are still a bit misty; last spring a model was promised for the festival, but it never materialized. However, the stress is on practicality and efficiency and Rennie Davis declared that "The whole world will see that this City could be the whole world."

In theory, skeptics are welcome, since resistance or even opposition is supposed to strengthen any movement. Whenever the Divine Light is criticized or challenged, the premies unleash a gust of giggles: a high little cosmic titter which can chill the scalps of outsiders—perhaps because the righteous seem programmed to laugh on cue.

It's constantly repeated that the members of any religion can partake of the knowledge while continuing to prac-

European and American premies meditate after washing clothes in the Ganges.

tice their own faith. Still, "Maharaj Ji's way is the only way." (Divine Light staffers sometimes say that the knowledge isn't a religion. But the expressions of the premies contradict that.) However, even the guru has his defensive moments when he refers to disbelievers—"If you don't like it, beat it"—and I saw a British mahatma grow quite hysterical when a young photographer made some dissenting remarks. Shouting that the doubter was threatening the whole universe—by rejecting the only movement that could save it—the mahatma scuttled under a table and across the floor to seize the photographer's hands, crying that his soul was about to throw itself off a cliff.

Any person who reveals the initiation techniques may spend his next lifetime as an animal

Later, a premie told me, "If you don't believe that Christ is in the flesh right now—well, that's the antichrist in you. Whoever doesn't believe is the Anti-Christ. You have to go to the living Master because—well, you just have to."

At the beginning of the festival, the Hare Krishna devotees worked themselves to a pitch of frenzy outside the Astrodome: never have I heard them sing or shout so loudly, seen them dance so fast or leap so high. Their faces reddened and they grew hoarse with cosmic competition. Some said that the guru was a fraud and a profiteer. When they weren't allowed inside the building, they chanted, "The guru is a liar!" Finally, the Divine Lighters called the cops and had the Krishna Consciousness people arrested for disorderly conduct.

Though the premies are convinced that the guru can convert almost anyone, some irredeemable souls were present. I met some young Pentecostal persons who whispered to me that Maharaj Ji "is a dry run for the Beast." They said that he himself isn't bright enough to be the Beast, but "he's a front, he's preparing the way." The true Beast, they told me, "will be Jewish, very intelligent, a grown man. We *think* we know who he is, we're pretty sure." Dramatic pause. "It's . . . *Henry Kissinger.*"

Scoreboard: I REGRET THAT I HAVE ONLY ONE LIFE TO GIVE FOR PEACE

A number of the premies' parents attended the festival and the Divine Light Mission is certainly trying to dissolve barriers between the generations. Among the parents I've met, there was an immense and generous effort to comprehend the concepts which have absorbed their children—and, in some cases, made them happier, or prompted them to abandon drugs. There are some converts among parents and others are learning to prepare vegetarian meals for their children's visits. And individuals who say that they used to fume at the name of the Perfect Master have been impressed by the changes in their sons and daughters—from the willingness to do housework (even to wash dishes) to the seemingly perpetual good humor which radiates from the premies.

Yet I haven't found them quite so peaceful as advertised. The Astrodome seethed with one of the most restless crowds I've ever seen: unable to sit through the speeches, hundreds kept prowling and pacing around the circular corridors, roving in and out of the building, even while Maharaj Ji extolled tranquility. There was no detectable pull between him and his followers, let alone any magic in his presence—not even when rainbows drifted up above his throne and comets burst upon the scoreboard. Extra security guards were provided because it was feared that the premies would try to rush the stage, but it was obvious that they weren't going to. They chanted and curled like fetuses with their foreheads on the floor whether he was or wasn't on the stage: for them, his appearances didn't seem to make much difference.

Last summer, in Detroit, an underground reporter who tossed a pie in the Divine face was severely beaten by two premies even though the guru said that it hurt less than the nails which pierced Christ's flesh. Any little lapse is explained by Divine staffers with phrases like "Some premies aren't yet perfect" and "People are people." In light of the Detroit incident, a mahatma told me, "Soul-wise, diligence is still necessary."

Unlike the many unfamous gurus who function primarily as teachers, this one depends on the cult of personality: quite

simply, he's worshipped as God. Now and then—especially if the press is present—the guru does modestly announce that he's merely "the humble servant of God." But few of his followers put it that way. Most seem positive that he can perform any kind of miracle. One premie told me that Maharaj Ji "could make it so that blacks would become the biggest economic group in the country. I'm not saying he *will.* But he *could.*"

Scoreboard: AND THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH NEITHER SORROW

No enemy of peace or bliss or justice, a respecter of many faiths, a friend of meditators, I nonetheless fought some thrusts of gloom during those days at the Astrodome. Beguiling as the premies were, they seemed brainwashed, almost lobotomized: putty to be kneaded and manipulated.

They really appear to have been told what to think about almost any subject. However, a few young women did briefly slip loose from the thought-control when I asked about the equality of the sexes in the Divine Light Mission: they admitted that they sometimes wished that they didn't spend so much time in the kitchen. Then they hastily and guiltily corrected themselves: it was a joy to serve the Perfect Master in all ways—even just by cooking for other premies.

It's steadily repeated that the purpose of human life is to receive the knowledge—which will reveal the presence of God within you. It's up to you whether you're saved or not: either you're on the Ark or off the Ark. And there's the implication that there's something terribly wrong with you if you don't embrace the knowledge.

However, many of us were told that we weren't yet "ready." And the techniques which enable the premies to see, hear, taste and feel God are kept fiercely secret. Clearly, this secrecy makes them feel superior: it puts them on a flattering plateau. Outsiders are neatly separated from insiders when the latter say that "Nothing in the universe is hidden from those who have the knowledge: there is no mystery for *us.*" Also: "What happened to Christ and what happened to Buddha is what happens to every single person who receives the knowledge."

Anyone who reveals the knowledge techniques will be punished painfully through his future karma. "He'll lose so much, he'll suffer so greatly," a ma-

Two British girls in Delhi, soon to become Divine Lighters and later to lose faith.

hatma said. The miscreant may spend his next lifetime as an animal, or as a very wretched person and it may take him several rebirths to attain a decent human existence once more.

But a few doubting premies, as well as those who have left the Divine Light organization, said that their belief ebbed partly because of the knowledge techniques. After the chosen have been screened by the mahatmas, who warn that "only the guileless in heart" can qualify, they're brought together in groups of about 20 in a darkened room. They're already feeling high from hours of satsang

The organization's backbone is rich people who think they can buy their own salvation

and they're also very aware of each other's vibrations. They're told to close their eyes—while the mahatma vows that they'll see God and they hear others crying out "I see!"—and someone presses on their eyeballs. Naturally, they see a flash.

For hearing God and the Divine Music, fingers are inserted deep into the ears. This pressure, like the use of earplugs, blocks the perception of environmental noises so that you can hear your own body sounds, including the pulsation of the blood or the heartbeat. For tasting the divine nectar, "which Christ drank in the desert", the head is pulled far back while the premie curls his tongue toward the back of the roof of the mouth. (Doctors disagree on this one. Some think that the taste is the result of salivary secretion. Others assume that the nasal sinus is draining; one added, "Sometimes snot can taste sweet." Still others believe that the carotid sinus is involved.) Another premie said, "It gives you a sweet amphetamine-type feeling." To feel God, the premie is told to take five or six deep breaths (it's sometimes called "Gulping God") and then to hold it: he gets so dizzy that he nearly passes out. This is called hyperventilation, which means blowing out more carbon dioxide than the normal body wastes are bringing from the blood stream into the lungs. Throughout, the ecstatic voices of others reinforce the experience and of course suggestion helps to charge the atmosphere.

In India, some initiates were also told "the secret name of God": So-Hum. However, it's really far from secret: it's an ancient Hindu mantra which has been published in many books on yoga. Also in India, premies have been instructed to sit daily beneath blankets, with their thumbs in their ears and their fingers on their eyelids, also touching "the third eye" in the middle of the forehead. Some used a pole to rest their elbows on.

One participant said that he later felt that the initiation was "a bogus event" and he wondered if there was a deficiency in him—because he simply didn't feel what the others did. A disillusioned premie at the Astrodome said that the knowledge made him very happy to begin with. But he'd begun to fear that the peace he felt "wasn't real, since I was just tasting my sinuses and crushing my ear drums."

Some of the devotees say that the knowledge techniques are also kept secret because they would be harmful to a person who tried them on his own. But the doctors and psychiatrists I consulted said that none of these tricks would be likely to have much effect without the group reinforcement, or without the sense of mystery and ritual and privilege which inflate the experience. One psychiatrist added that the infantile state induced by mystification plus the loss of confidence in mature judgments—which occurs when people strive to dump the ego and the mind—is rapidly intensified within a group. Such a gathering also tends to make individuals feel that they're merging with one another, that they're all one body.

Maharaj Ji is said to have learned the techniques from his father, who was a famous guru; now, the son gives them to the mahatmas. His divinity becomes all the more intriguing when one's told that, as a small child, he was trained to mimic his father's speech and manner—not only through his father's presence, but with the aid of tape recorders and film. Therefore, many Indian peasants could later believe that he was the reincarnation of his dead father.

A former visitor of the Holy Family reports that they're one of the richest families in India, thanks to the gifts of wealthy admirers—"and the kid was brought forward quickly when his father died, so that they wouldn't lose out on the family business. The backbone of the organization is rich people who think they can buy their own salvation. But the Holy Mother (Mataji) runs the whole show." In the West, the followers seem to donate

their worldly goods quite automatically. However, some premies' relatives think that the Divine Light Mission may not be as profitable as it appears to be and they worry that there may be some weighty debts.

A man who knew the Holy Family well when Maharaj Ji was still a child recalled, "There's a vision of the kid that's always stayed with me. He was standing on a terrace, holding a bottle of Coke, with about 15 of his disciples. Suddenly, he poured the Coke on the terrace. All of his people ran and started to lick it up at his feet. He stood there looking at them as though he was playing king."

One of the initial strengths of the old New Left was an awareness of suffering—from the ghetto to Vietnam, down the street or in the subway or across the hall—a consciousness that propelled many in the early days of civil rights and the antiwar protests. But later, some in the Movement became very enthusiastic about suffering for others—never for themselves—as though daily degradation would inspire blacks or working people to start the revolution.

But the premies talk about happiness for everyone, the golden age that is surely on the way: "Right now, all the beings on the earth are having a lot of terrible suffering. But that won't last. It's like you couldn't have spring unless the leaves fell off the trees and winter came." The eagerness is touching, yet—as they try to smile their way through the universe, attempting to live without aggression—it looks as though their leaders are doing a disservice to numerous Indian religions and philosophies: by caricaturing and oversimplifying the themes of Eastern thought. Others, who feel that a profound spiritual movement is currently afoot, believe that there will be a proliferation of false and genuine gurus in the immediate future and that even the sham gurus can start beginners in a valid direction, "a kindergarten process," as one expert called it. Some of those who disapprove deeply of the Divine Light Mission do pay tribute to the spirituality of the premies—and to their quest, as opposed to what they're given.

However, it's inaccurate to deduce that this movement indicates "where youth culture is going." Instead, it appears as a symptom of the fragmentation that we're going to witness for awhile. Meanwhile, one wonders how the premies will cope with the promises that have been shoved at them, such as the guarantee that over 100,000 people would attend the festival (about 10,000 showed up), or Rennie Davis' pledge that America will soon become the happiest of nations. Still, when Davis was asked last spring if the future held any imperfections, he confidently quoted the Maharaj Ji's prediction that New York would be totally destroyed by an earthquake in 1973. ●

A good cop is hard to find

By Frank Rich

To watch Hollywood's current police movies, including most of the new batch here just in time for this dim-wattage holiday season, is not only to experience the kind of tedium that can give déjà vu a bad name—it's like being under house arrest. Any diligent moviegoer has to feel trapped by the recurring images that haunt the latter-day, hypernaturalistic films of the cops-and-robbers genre: the dingy station houses with their institutional puke-colored walls; the lieutenants who hamper murder and/or heroin investigations by forcing idiosyncratic hero-cops to do their detective work by the book rather than instinct; the obligatory chase scenes (preferably set in the hills of San Francisco or the traffic of Manhattan); the faceless rooftop snipers; the old-school, tough-guy cops who pick on minority groups (blacks as a rule, though homosexuals are enjoying new popularity as targets for abuse); and, of course, the gore (less and less in slow motion these days) and the four-letter expletives. (With "You fuck!" rapidly usurping "You bastard!" as the number one expression of terminal disgust in Hollywood scripts, I'm half-tempted to take up the cause of a much-neglected personal favorite, "You shit!" Well, another time.)

Although some of these phenomena trace back to American movies of the '30s and '40s, the main influences on police movies of the past two years have been Peter Yates' *Bullitt,* William Friedkin's *The French Connection* and much of the oeuvre of Don Siegel (especially *Dirty Harry,* his biggest box-office winner). No police movie since has added much to their various and varying virtues, and, of the three Yuletide entries onto this corpse-laden field—*Serpico; The Laughing Policeman* and *Magnum Force*—only the former offers any surprises.

Based on journalist Peter Maas' account of a recent slice of New York scandal, **Serpico** has, at least, an original character going for it: an honest, unprejudiced, street-wise cop (Al Pacino) who courageously and almost single-handedly unmasks rampant top-to-bottom corruption within the ranks of Gotham's men in blue. Even so, director Sidney Lumet and co-screenwriters Waldo Salt and Norman Wexler almost blow their natural advantage: though not a bad movie, *Serpico,* in their hands, is too sloppy and facile to be rightly called a good one.

Al Pacino, who binds Lumet's Serpico *together by sheer force of personality.*

At heart it's a liberal propaganda film, well-meaning but philosophically bankrupt. The movie seems to suggest that a virtuous hero and a reform commission (as in Knapp)—with some help from The New York *Times*—can clean the rascals out. But if we've learned anything during the era that extends from the days of Lincoln Steffens through the Watergate present, it's that these progressive solutions perform, at best, short-lived good. *Serpico,* by bringing a New Deal sensibility to bear on an issue of crucial importance to urban society, has more to do with the disease than the cure. Surely it's not asking too much for these filmmakers to have a few less illusions in 1973 than did Frank Capra's Mr. Smith before he went to Washington in 1939.

Even if one accepts *Serpico* on these terms, or even if one judges it solely as entertainment, it still has its drawbacks. Besides being too long, the movie never really gets a handle on its hero. An innocent rookie cop becomes a zealot—a justice junkie crazedly looking for a fix—during the course of the action, but the rationale for this striking metamorphosis is dramatized by external rather than internal means. New York police corruption alone cannot explain this complex man; neither can the idealistic yelling scenes that permeate the movie's second half. Something has to come from within.

The film's creators have tried to fill the character out by giving him a scene with his Mom (regrettably in Italian, without benefit of subtitles) as well as a pair of back-to-back love affairs. Serpico's romantic trysts contribute nothing to the character, slow down the film's pace and, the way I see it, malign women for no apparent ironic point. When we meet Serpico's lovers, they are women dedicated to their respective dancing and nursing careers; after a while, they mysteriously turn into whiners, suddenly more than willing to shuck their ambitions for babies and domesticity once it becomes apparent that Serpico will provide neither. Women are

not that simple and neither is life. Perhaps the time spent on Serpico's heart pangs might have been more profitably devoted to his relationship with the intriguing new-fangled Ivy League cop (presumably based on the real-life David Durk and played by Tony Roberts) who becomes his uneasy ally in reform. The partnership of these men never takes shape beyond its plot function in *Serpico.*

What does work in the film is the story, even though the movie insists on beginning with its denouement (thereby providing a little gore to keep the blood-thirsty from fleeing during the 20 minutes of routine exposition that follows). After all the other movie cops' work-overs of pimps and pushers, Serpico's battle against his peers seems intrinsically fresh. Particularly when the role is played by Al Pacino, who is one of a handful of American actors capable of binding a picture together by sheer force of personality. Pacino has an unsettling resemblance to Dustin Hoffman (as Ratso Rizzo in this film), but he also has an errant sense of humor and the ability to convey a genuine passion that almost camouflages the noisy rhetoric of the set speeches. Just watch his eyes: by the film's climax they become so hungry one knows that all the grand juries in the world will never satisfy him.

Lumet's casting is pretty smart in general, even though many of the most interesting subsidiary roles are short-changed by the screenplay. John Randolph as a long-time corruption hound, Lewis J. Stadlen as a hyperbolic Jewish Lindsay-aide type, Charles White as a do-nothing police commissioner and Biff McGuire as a sanctimonious force ombudsman are each inspired choices. As a director, though, Lumet is still a plodder.

There's something almost brutal about the kind of competence with which the film has been assembled. Lumet forges ahead with the single-mindedness of a painstaking child at work on a dot-to-dot coloring book; you know it's going to come out right, but there's no room for magic. At times the film takes on some real zip, as if someone held a match to the director's ass, but this is so uncharacteristic of the work as a whole, one wonders if editor Dede Allen might not have done some snipping when Lumet was out of the room. In addition, for a movie that makes abundant use of New York City locations, *Serpico* (like this director's *The Anderson Tapes*) is curiously colorless: the setting could be called Cleveland and not too many people would notice. Is this really the same Sidney Lumet who captured the city so grittily in *The Pawnbroker* and *Bye, Bye Braverman*?

As for **The Laughing Policeman** and **Magnum Force,** they have two things in common besides all the aforementioned traits of their ilk: they're both set in San Francisco and, language aside, they both look like they were made for television.

The gimmick of *The Laughing Policeman,* which was directed by Stuart Rosenberg from a script by Thomas Rickman, is that the lead detective is an introverted son-of-a-bitch whose heart is dead—even when it comes to his wife and kids. Therefore the title is ironic, though to what end is not exactly clear. I'd rather have to sit through *Pete 'n' Tillie* again than rewatch Walter Matthau in this role, which makes demands on about five percent of his talent. A fine actor whose big moment is yet to come, Bruce Dern, also goes down the drain in this uncommonly ugly picture, which may be remembered in history as the first Hollywood film to take a look (however uncalled for in this instance) at a gay bump-and-grind show.

Paul Newman as all-cheating poker player and archetypal swell in Hill's The Sting.

Magnum Force is a sequel to *Dirty Harry,* with the services of star Clint Eastwood but without director Siegel, who was off doing a far better thing, *Charley Varrick.* (Ted Post, lately of *The Harrad Experiment,* directed.) It's the same old stuff, but with one minor qualification: while Harry is still a personification of right-wing virtues (the courts tie his hands and the women fall to his feet), he is here seen as our sole protection against the forces of true fascism. His enemy in *Magnum Force* is a self-appointed vigilante group out to murder alleged criminals who have beat their raps on technicalities in the civil-libertarian courts. "I hate the goddamned system, but until someone comes across with some changes that make sense, I'll stick with it," explains Eastwood to superior Hal Holbrook. What a relief! . . . Anyway, for what it's worth, this may be the first movie ever to feature Drano as a murder weapon.

I think, when all is said and done, that the jigsaw puzzle pieces of **The Sting** fall into place, but it probably doesn't make any difference whether they do or not. This is an elaborate "gimmick" film, the work of some of the old *Butch Cassidy* gang (Paul Newman, Robert Redford and director George Roy Hill), and it's so convoluted that Rose Mary Woods' alibi seems a model of logic by comparison. Still, like such recent pictures as *Sleuth* and (to a lesser extent) *The Last of Sheila,* there are enough laughs and production values to keep the film from living or dying on the basis of the sleight of hand that is at its core.

One does have to suspend disbelief a bit too often for my taste. The story concerns some 1936 con men who pull the biggest confidence trick of all on the big-pin (Robert Shaw) of a crime syndicate, and much of the film hangs on the proposition that the victim's left hand doesn't know what the right is doing. But the movie, which is set in Chicago and Joliet, is packed with redeeming period bric-a-brac and spunk: the old Universal logo opens the credit sequence, and from then on we are treated to gobs of old-fashioned cinematic devices and plenty of lingo from the dime novels of yesteryear. Unlike *Paper Moon,* which vacuously overstressed the Depression aspects of the '30s to the point where the comedy was thrown out of whack, *The Sting* is blissfully unaware of despair and Oakies—which is how it should be.

Given all the plot information he has to convey, director George Roy Hill does a fluid job of moving the film along. Robert Surtees has provided him with some loving, burnt-sienna cinematography, and there is additional atmospheric lift from the soundtrack's Scott Joplin rags. Decked out in suspenders, Dillinger-gang hats and perpetual grins, Newman and Redford are, as expected, archetypal swells. This time they also eschew the cloying, "goofing off" antics that marred their last joint venture.

It's hardly difficult to understand why they're so relaxed. They know, as we do, that making a film like *The Sting* is the next best thing to receiving a license to coin money. It's a good deal for them and, for once, it's a decent enough one for the audience, too. ●

BOOKS

A novel on the accumulation of power, set in that wounded, forgotten land called Appalachia

The Senator From Slaughter County by Harry M. Caudill, Atlantic-Little, Brown, 308 pp., $6.95.

Most of us urban types are pretty fuzzy about Appalachia. We have this all-purpose snapshot in our heads of a ramshackle cabin in sort of West Virginia with a raggedy brood of hillbillies slouching on the front steps a-whittlin' and a-pickin' geetars and a-chuggin' moonshine and generally not pulling their oar, GNP-wise. These scrawny mountain folk intruded on us in the Kennedy era when Sargent Shriver was installed by the bleeding-heart lobby as czar of American pauperdom. And everybody knows that the poverty warriors botched it, failing to stamp out blight overnight. Why, we might have really zapped the Cong if the OEO softies hadn't siphoned off the napalm fund.

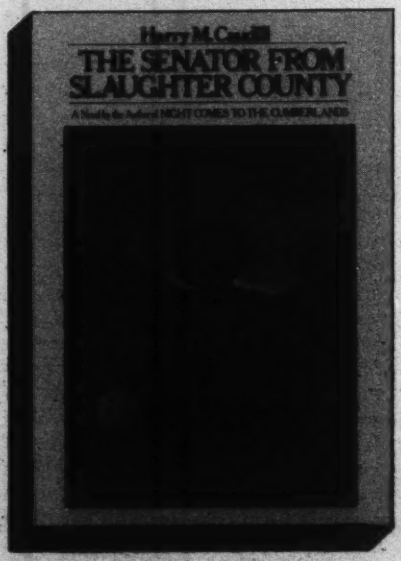
Quaint at best, disheartening at worst, Appalachia has now returned to the outback of our national awareness. There is too much else that is more fascinating—and more appalling. Besides, losers have never been big box office with us. Yet here is a lawyer fellow doing business out of a nowhere called Whitesburg, Ky., who has been telling us for some years now that what's bad for Appalachia is bad for America. And the message is getting delivered. Ten years ago, Harry Caudill produced a moving book called *Night Comes to the Cumberlands,* combining Whitmanesque elegy to a wounded land and Naderesque outrage over the exploitation and abandonment of a tattered people. Along with Michael Harrington's *The Other America,* Caudill's *Cumberlands* ignited a renewed federal effort to rehabilitate our poor and hopeless. Today we discreetly scorn them again and butcher the entrails of the welfare program.

Harry Caudill is no quitter, though. In the past decade he has written steadily and gone on TV to decry the Appalachian wasteland. Of particular concern to him now is the ecological carnage being wrought by a new form of exploitation in his forsaken hills—strip-mining.

Caudill's concern runs far deeper than the wounds being inflicted on the earth. He is gravely troubled by the flaw of hypocrisy in the American character as it has unfolded over the generations in this remarkably fecund continental arena of ours. In form, his new book is a straight-on novel about the manipulation of power in ways and at a velocity uniquely American; in fact, this is a primer of capitalist piggery at its most carnivorous.

Slaughter County is 640 square miles of jagged landscape in an unnamed Appalachian state—a mythical hybrid of Kentucky and West Virginia. In the richness of its soil and the mineral treasures beneath, the abundance and variety of its fauna and the clarity and convenience of its churning waterways, it will do nicely as a paradigm of the American earth before we kicked the living bejesus out of it. Harry Caudill's *The Senator from Slaughter County* shows us precisely how Eden got sacked and why even its least favored inhabitants joined in the assault.

The heavy in the action is Dr. Thomas Jefferson Bonham, whose great-great-granddaddy got shot up in the Revolutionary War and for his troubles was deeded 1,000 acres of God's country. As land, it warn't ever much, but the Bonhams themselves were unsurpassingly fruitful. By the time Tom's father put out his lawyer shingle, Bonham kith and kin were hanging off every hillside crag in the county. From law and lumber and cattle, Tom's Pa did good and when the city sharpies came in sniffin' after the coal and offering 50 cents an acre, he urged the Bonham clan and anyone else who'd listen, to hold out for a better deal. They shot him dead. Coal was king.



Enter young Tom Bonham, fresh out of medical school and ready to serve mankind. What better place to begin than his native county, mending the shattered limbs of unlucky miners and the bloody bellies of feuding mountaineers? Always a practical sort, Doc Bonham cut the risks of a backwoods practice by accepting a subsidy from the coal barons who set up the young sawbones in a little hospital and then charged off the cost against the miners' take-home. In no time, the doc has a tidy nest egg and a sizable personal following; soon he gets a hankering for politics. Medicine can do only so much. The real sickness of the people is social. Coal must pay its fair share of the taxes and there must be schools and roads to combat ignorance and poverty. Human resources must be honored as highly as natural resources. Noble words, but the doc gets whomped at the polls.

Wounded, Dr. Tom resolves to play it smart. What follows is a classic case study of American acquisitiveness, justified at every stage of the ascent as a labor of love in the vineyards of the common man. The doctor renounces further ambition for public office and proceeds to build an interlocking political and economic machine of awesome efficiency. Refining nepotism to a high-art form (his wife runs the county school system, his brother directs the public-works setup, his closest crony monitors the flow of free grub and

his fourth cousins man the post offices), he makes sure that every New Deal relief effort flows through his ministering—and extracting—hands. Every dole has its price of unswerving fealty to the Bonham machine, a welfare autocracy that thrives on and therefore perpetuates the misery of its dependents.

And all the while, the Bonhams are getting rich in private enterprises that are the beneficiaries of their political muscle. Having once flayed the coal operators as vicious exploiters, the doc himself climbs finally to the peaks of expediency and rents his spread to the strip-miners. After all, it's his land.

What makes this a valuable piece of Americana is not Mr. Caudill's functional enough narrative skill or the spare way he renders a place and its people; rather, it is the confident use of irony to display, with understated conviction, the authentic process by which power may be accumulated in our society and then furiously unleashed under other names. Our practice of charity is thickly lubricated with piety, and self-aggrandizement too often insists on masquerading as civic devotion. If I were Nelson Rockefeller, I'd buy out Mr. Caudill's entire first printing—and bury the lot.—**Richard Kluger**

The Soaps by Madeleine Edmondson and David Rounds, Stein & Day Publishers, 256 pp., $8.95.

He was nibbling at a liverwurst sandwich, drinking Coke from a can, hunched over his desk and staring at the TV set as though his life depended on it—which, in a not entirely epigrammatic sense, it did. I was sitting near him in the cramped little inner office (no window), marveling at how little the scene matched my prior ideas of how TV producers lived and lunched. I was watching intently, too, taking notes for an article, while the program he produced, *As the World Turns*, was being televised from the studio downstairs. He rarely spoke. The moment—the very moment—that organ swelled and that fat globe began to swivel in that starry sky ending that episode, his phone rang. He picked it up and listened. Irna Phillips, who created *As the World Turns*, was calling from Chicago. Irna Phillips had been writing soaps for nearly 40 years. In the lean days of the mid-1930s she was reportedly netting a quarter of a million dollars a year. At the time she called, her *As the World Turns* had been the longest-running, top-rated half-hour serial on television for 13 years. The program that day had looked okay to me and I think, to the producer. Nevertheless, she gave him hell.

My little anecdote may be a trifle aged, but it is not archaic. *As the World Turns* will turn 18 next spring, still the top TV soap. I hear it has a new producer, but I wouldn't be surprised to know that everyday at 2:00 eastern time, Ms. Phillips is still faithfully ringing up. This is not a nonchalant business. They say 65 percent of all women watch daytime television. Women shop and eight minutes of every serial 30 are devoted to commercials. When I wrote my article, Procter & Gamble was spending on TV advertising an average $3.7 million a week (that's right, *a week*). I don't know how much they're spending this season, and I don't want to know. But you could ask almost any writer, because sifting through the soaps is one of the oldest journalistic professions. Analysis has been attempted, over the years, at wildly varying levels of insight, humor, competence and length.

Now, Madeleine Edmondson, who has written soap scripts and David Rounds, who has acted them, have produced a book, *The Soaps*, and thus joined a roster of writers that includes James Thurber and me. Take my advice: read Thurber. If you doubt that his series of magazine articles written 25 years ago has any meaning today, then why do Edmondson and Rounds, early on, quote Thurber's crunchy definition of a soap opera? Why did I?

What Thurber said—and so say all of us, in whole or in part, more or less, openly or otherwise—is that a soap opera is "a kind of sandwich . . . between thick slices of advertising, spread 12 minutes of dialogue, add predicament, villainy and female suffering in equal measure, throw in a dash of nobility, sprinkle with tears, season with organ music, cover with a rich announcer sauce and serve five times a week." You see? What else is there to say? Except that nowadays the suffering is more likely to involve bigamy or rape than one woman's blindness resulting from an allergy to chocolate cake. Mostly, lives as they are lived—or endured—in Soapland have remained comfortingly constant, as the grand old family themes have come rumbling down the decades like a giant sociological snowball: alcoholism and heartbreak, incest, lying, envy, hypocrisy, manslaughter.

All these and other soap staples (did I mention amnesia?) are discussed in the Edmondson-Rounds book, in far more detail than I find inspiring. (Eighteen pages are consumed to follow the plot of *Follow Your Heart*, an early TV soap that lasted only three months.) Somewhere, someplace, Edmondson and Rounds unearthed some old serial scripts which take up more than half the book. Beyond these scripts, or scraps and samples of scripts, there is more rehash than research, though the collaborators make a stab at originality in the running dialogue they conduct at the beginning of each chapter. In these exchanges, he calls her Mad; she calls him David-pal. In the first section, "Birth of a Notion," they introduce themselves: "And now, Write to Happiness, the story of Madeleine, glamorous freelance writer and her friend David, versatile actor and onetime suspected child molester, and how, together, they braved the world of soaps, letting no detergent deter them. . . ." But enough.

Am I taking this book too seriously? In the last few pages, Edmondson and Rounds get serious themselves, calling the soaps "a sustained cry for the primacy of feeling in life." Mercy. Maybe we do need some serious inquiry into all this, some scholarly voices searching the soaps for what they are and who we are and What It All Means. On the other hand, considering that one man's sustained cry is another man's rip-off, maybe we don't need scholars after all. Maybe, in an age of Watergate, we don't even need fictional amnesiacs anymore. Maybe what the world needs now is an astigmatic dog named Mr. Albert Johnson, who can't bark. Maybe we need *Vic and Sade* back, or some serial like it, in which parody replaces pain, in which people wouldn't get punished or paralyzed with any degree of regularity. Naturally, we will not get it. More than a dozen soaps are currently being televised on network TV, but not an astigmatic dog in the lot. "In this business," a smart young man named Larry White, who was a vice president at NBC, once told me, "it is always more practical to be better than to be different."—**Joan Barthel**

TELEVISION

It's prime time. Do you know what your children are watching?

By Stuart Werbin

SIT is the provocative nickname for a group of God-fearing crusaders who put out a newsletter called "Stop Immorality on Television." Recently they conducted a survey and found a dormitory full of congenial (pardon the expression) bedfellows along Corporation Row. "We do not condone programming which may be objectionable to the public. . . and on occasion have canceled commercial participation when in our judgment the programs were substandard," said Carnation Milk vice president P.H. Willis.

"We have never sponsored *Maude*, nor do we intend to, until we are completely convinced that the network intends to make suitable program format changes," said Mitchell B. Stricker, director of media for Miles Laboratories (Alka-Seltzer). Other companies took some retrospective pride in never having sponsored *The Smothers Brothers Show* or *Laugh In* and in insisting that they preview all programs with an eye out for anything that might unnerve that famous little old lady in Iowa who trembles at the thought of anything more risqué than twin beds.

The newsletter went on to urge its readers to use the fine products produced by the companies it had polled. Nowhere in the report does SIT see fit to print the responses of the shady companies who sponsor the "dirty" shows, nor does it seem that it made any effort to interview any of the many makers of feminine hygiene deodorants. But what's more interesting is that the most "objectionable" programs in SIT's eyes are comedies, most specifically *Maude, All In The Family, Sanford and Son, Mash* and *Mary Tyler Moore*, the programs that Mr. Nielsen tells us the unprotected viewing families watch most (pardon the expression) religiously.

It is hard to determine what effect the Madison Avenue angels' allegiance to the self-appointed baby SITers will have on these programs that we're supposed to laugh at, but it could be very depressing if pratfalls are restricted to the kitchen on family comedies. Especially at a time when THE President (a man who you might remember was offended by the language in the film version of *Love Story*) has told his country that patriotism means spending your winter nights at home with the 68-degree thermostat.

With a great deal of relief we listened to Audrey Hepburn shout "Move ya bloomin' ass" without the indignity of a bleep during NBC's Thanksgiving broadcast of *My Fair Lady*. But before the weekend was out, we learned that Carl Reiner was breaking a long-term association with CBS over the question of censorship in regard to a single episode of *The New Dick Van Dyke Show*.

Carl Reiner: censorship was the grounds for divorce from CBS after 23 years.

The segment in question concerned the predicament created when Van Dyke and his TV wife, Hope Lange, are caught in the (pardon the expression) act by their daughter and aren't sure how to explain to her what it is they're doing in bed with their eyes open and the TV off. The daughter, like the character "Chance" in Jerzy Kosinski's novel, *Being There*, has no frame of reference to figure out what is going on because her closest contact with the habits of the adult world comes through the tube where smiling couples always walk up a flight of stairs at night and disappear to . . . heaven? The idea for the episode came from Van Dyke himself, who read an article in a psychology magazine which explained what parents should tell children who come searching for a glass of water and find mommy and daddy playing house.

Reiner thought it would be a fine idea for a script—"sort of a mystery comedy," he called it—and after consulting a number of distinguished doctors who agreed it would be a worthy venture, Carl constructed an honorable little playlet containing the simple moral that people who love each other like to be as close as possible. This was too much for CBS prez Robert D. Wood, a man whom Reiner had never met personally, but whom many of us remember as the exec who interrupted *The Merv Griffin Show* a few years ago to explain why he was "bluing out" Abbie Hoffman's American flag T-shirt. Wood wouldn't budge, so Reiner took his case to the *Johnny Carson Show* on NBC and asked the audience how many people make love only for procreation? Only one man cheered. When asked how many people make love for love's sake alone, the rest of the audience applauded triumphantly. This of course was no great revelation, but it makes you wonder what that one brave soul has to do at night after *Sermonette* goes off the air besides reading the "Stop Immorality on Television" newsletter and drinking Alka-Seltzer mixed with Carnation evaporated milk.●

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Barbi Benton, Hef's date, launches her singing career by talking, talking . . .

By Janet Maslin

None of them speak much English, but the waiters in the Kon-Tiki Lounge are clearly jabbering about Barbi Benton, who is in turn smiling coyly at a potted palm. Barbi is once again posing for photographers, this time in connection with a national promotional tour to help launch her musical career. The waiters have scampered out from amidst the Lounge's appalling clutter of fake-Polynesian foliage and statuary to gape excitedly at this sexy little *Playboy* centerfold, and when Barbi greets them all with an effervescent "Hi, guys! " a few seem ready to swoon. Her musical abilities are, as usual, very much beside the point.

Later, when the photo session is over, Barbi giggles and the waiters scatter fast, because this is one giggle that means business. Barbi's laugh has been rapturously described in countless magazine profiles. But in fact it is a slightly harsh sound, a little louder than most giggles and she often uses it to punctuate surprisingly humorless remarks: "No, I never get angry, I'm not a very emotional person, but I do cry a lot—hahaha." And it is perfectly controlled, like everything else about Barbi, from her diction and flawlessly cute features to the tiny G's for Gucci on most of what she's wearing.

She orders a rum and coconut concoction with dazzling expertise. "I know a

Barbi Benton laughs, saying, "I never get angry, I'm not a very emotional person, but I do cry a lot—hahaha."

lot about food," she says, "because I love to go out and—hahaha—*somebody* has to order for him." Him, of course, is Hugh Hefner, whom Barbi has, in her own words, been "dating" for years.

Now Barbi is eager to talk about her singing. She started off with madrigals in high school, then took a few years' worth of lessons, played some nightclub dates and finally signed up with *Hee Haw*, where she mostly "did the same thing all the other regulars did—you jump out of the cornfield and get hit by the board fence, you sit in the haystack and you make dirty jokes." She also sang duets and now she's finally ready to take the great leap and try a few solos.

"When I first started the singing lessons, I was practicing and Hef walked in without saying anything," explains Barbi, nibbling enthusiastically on a fried shrimp. "He walked in, but then he hid in the back of the room. Well, his first comment was, 'Dear, I think you'd better go back to the acting lessons.' It was our first argument, because he was not the *kindest* man, telling me I couldn't sing.

"Ordinarily he's quite encouraging, if he feels I can *do* anything," she sniffs. "But I suppose my voice was so *offensive* to him that he felt he had to say something. I must add, also, that when Barbra Streisand first came out he didn't think she could sing either, and they had to force him into hiring her for one of the Playboy Clubs."

Barbi, who is now nearly 24, has been "dating" the 47-year-old Hugh Hefner ever since she was an 18-year-old zoology major at UCLA. It is an affiliation that has long made her the butt of unspeakable is-she-human-or-is-she-not witticisms, everything from the usual "Barbi Doll" joke to a photo of the couple in a recent issue of *Rolling Stone* which left Barbi's body intact but airbrushed her face away. She had been living in the 30-room *Playboy* Western Mansion until that fateful day two months ago when she decided to move out: "because he believes in the double standard and I don't," and because she wanted to "show him I'm still not over the hill and show him I can date too."

Hef, as Barbi candidly explains it, was "fooling around" just a little too heavily for her taste; there was even a moderately publicized new girlfriend in Chicago, although Barbi says the other relationship "wasn't really all they've made it out to be, because I don't believe that Hef has *ever* loved anybody else—mentally, I mean." So Barbi decided, apparently more on principle than out of real desire, that she might as well fool around on her own. Only not *real* fooling, you understand: "If *he* was willing to give up dating other girls, then I would certainly have no problem, because for the last five years I've been a *nun*." In fact, in a world of ideal courtship she would just as soon "go out with other guys, but not have to kiss them goodnight at the door." As for the effect Barbi's strategy is designed to have, she says that "if I continue to date, I know he won't be happy in that kind of relationship. But if I don't date, I would certainly expect something from him in return."

Hef: "Back to the acting lessons."

Just how Hef is taking all this, no one can say—not even Barbi, who won't even guess at what his reaction might be if it were to go on too much longer. But there's an astoundingly snide story about her in the December *Playboy* that may provide some indication of his attitude. The piece, which accompanies yet another series of Benton-in-the-orange-tone-buff shots, carries no byline, which makes it all the easier for the author to sideswipe Barbi. Extolling her many talents, the story cites her adeptness at backgammon, Monopoly and Risk, not to mention needlepoint; praising her career-mindedness, it records her in-depth reminiscences of the time she played a mermaid in a hair-tonic commercial. She also makes glasses out of wine bottles, knows how to speed read, puts five drops of Sweeta in her iced tea and she even has a bunch of pet macaws and cockatoos, all of whom have cute names.

But she is not by any means the vapid cottontail *Playboy* would have you take her for, is she? Wasn't she smart enough to move out on Hef? And isn't she also ambitious enough to be able to support herself (albeit in her own distinctive way)? Most of her substantial income is brought in by modeling, TV ads and the like; she even had a shot at being a *Penthouse* Pet once, before the embarrassed *Penthouse* staffer who'd approached her in a department store recognized her as a part-time Playmate. She also plans to open an antique shop some day, along with an actress girlfriend ("She shows you the prizes on *The Price Is Right*."). Finally, there is the singing. She now has an actual manager ("the guy who started Wayne Newton from scratch"), and she'll be playing a few nightclub dates in the near future, with most of the clubs owned by Hefner.

Barbi describes her new act as "country," but then she describes her previous one as "just like Bette Midler." I express some confusion about this, since Midler attracts a largely gay audience. "Is that who she gets?" asks Barbi in genuine bewilderment. "I didn't realize that. Although I saw her once, four years ago and I remember leaning over to Hef and saying 'That's the kind of music I'd like to do,' and he just stared at me and said 'You're kidding!' "

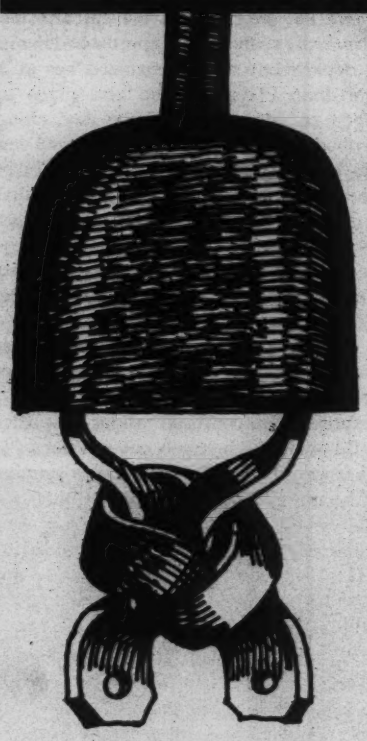
Barbi's idea of just-like-Midler turns out to be a lot of Lawrence Welk oldies, like "Bey Mir Bist Du Schoen." "In the first act I was doing things from the '20s, the '30s and the '40s," she explains. "Nothing from the '50s, though; I haven't gotten back into that. I loved *Grease*, but the songs from the '50s were probably the worst songs that have ever been created." So much for rock and roll.

And so much for talking about her music career, because you'll never guess who's come to scoot the interviewee away in his customized jet. It's *him*, the living illustration of What-Kind-Of-Man-Reads-*Playboy*?, complete with that famous glassy gaze only a daily jeroboam of Pepsi-Cola can bring on. He's friendly, if a bit fidgety, and he does "dress young" just like Barbi says. She gives him a half-dozen flying bear hugs and away they go.

Hef has flown all the way from Chicago to Boston for this and tonight he will escort Barbi to Detroit, even sleep over. Did he ever act like this in the old days, before Ms. Benton proved herself nobody's fool by creating her own brand of Playmate's Lib? "NNNNNever!" gurgles Barbi, flashing an Ultra-Brite smile. "He's become 300 percent more attentive, he's courting me all over again! It's as if he had met a new girl and fallen in love." ●

FINAL TRIBUTE

A fond farewell to electric toothbrushes and all that



By Paul O'Neil

"*Horses* sweat," said the proper Victorians. "Gentlemen *perspire!* Ladies *glow!*" Don't laugh, mates. Not one of them denied having dermal glandular systems or bridled at the inevitability—call it what they would—of excreting "sensible moisture" through their pores. We've been trying to outmode the process itself. Did the president of Giganto Corporation howl with indignation at plans for those ridiculous labor-saving devices, the electric toothbrush and the electric can opener? Were the inventors sacked forthwith, thrown out of their clubs and snowballed by head-tapping children as soon as they ventured out of doors? Who, you ask, is silly now? And with reason. We all know that Giganto stock rose by 20 points and that the inventors got raises, moved to Darien, bought red slacks and engineer's caps and now ride teeny tractors around their lawns every Sunday.

If we must endure an energy crisis and recession, let us endure them as part of a phenomenon which may do for us what we have become completely incapable of doing for ourselves: disassembling a structure of vulgar and mindless luxury (or lug-zury as they call it in the TV ads) into which we have been sealing ourselves, body and mind, for lo these 30 years. We will doubtless go on lusting, each driven by his own compulsions, for the oddest of these nutty contraptions—sun lamps, electric pencil sharpeners, electric carving knives, vibrating beds, neon-bordered makeup mirrors and power hedge clippers—for if our egos have learned to feed uncritically on such symbols we are not likely to applaud their loss. Still, how can such loss not be salutary in the end?

It may very well—as part of a larger reduction of energy drain—turn the crisis rather quickly into a supportable process of supportable change. It is astonishing to consider the prodigality with which we have—at the seductive insistence of companies now whining at us for our gullibility—burned fossil fuel in the past. New York's Consolidated Edison Company has piously announced the amount of oil it could save if the big city used its television sets one less hour per day: 630,000 barrels a year. But enforced denial could affect the attitudes of humans more importantly than the attitudes of industry: most of us have forgotten, if we ever knew, that Americans once lived comfortable and intellectually satisfying lives based—in the material sense—on coal stoves, ice boxes and streetcars, on books, vaudeville, home-town baseball and the Model T Ford. We are not, quite obviously, about to reconstruct the past; but if we must simplify the future, we can only improve.

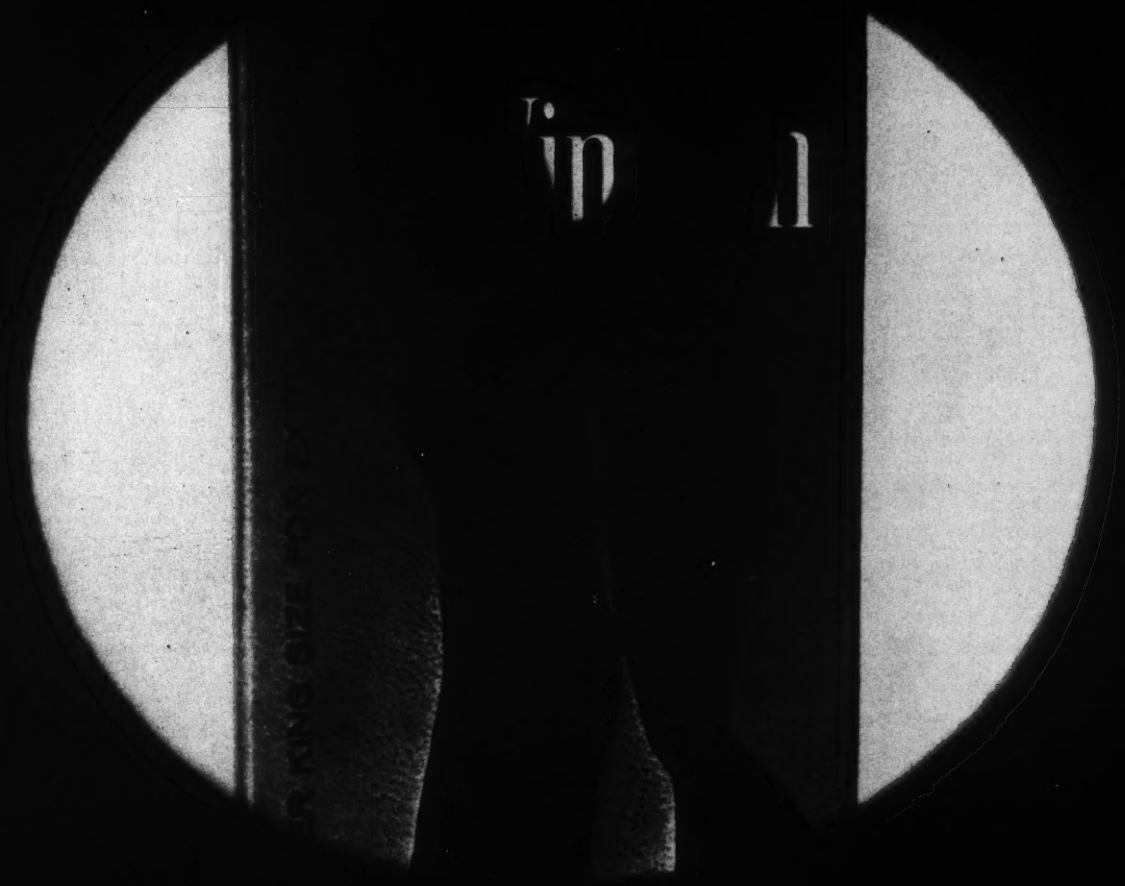
We might be wrenched back, indeed, to a visceral self wisdom which was our birthright, but which has been leeched out of us with our sense of the ludicrous since we got two cars, a disposal and three television sets. We were born to sweat when it is hot and to shiver when it is cold and thus to earn and appreciate simple, sensual pleasure: the feel of shade, the taste of water, the warmth of fire. All right . . . all right. Life is not quite that simple even in the mountains of Tibet and will never be that simple here. Millions of us, furthermore—farmers, telephone linemen, cops, loggers—have never ceased sweating and shivering in season. But the natural rewards of such hardihood have been demeaned in a nation which does its suffering for power mowers and gasoline driven, fiberglass swimmobiles ($395).

Consider the fisherman of the great Southwest: he heads for a lake in an air-conditioned camper with citizen's band radio in the cab, a special horsepower bass boat on top and two trail bikes racked on the bumpers fore and aft so that mom and pop may rip up scenery off the road when high-speed navigation palls. There is a bit of the lout in all of us, but never has loutism been so fertilized as by the horsepower implicit in the internal combustion engine. How many snowmobiles went howling through last winter's frozen nights—chewing up shrubbery and profaning the silent wilderness—with begoggled pharmacists and shoe clerks at the controls? In Allah's name, QUIET that we may hear ourselves speak again. Shut down more pumps, Oh mighty, Oh beneficent EXXON, shut down more pumps!

O'Neil, a former staff writer for Life, *remembers how carting the ashes from a coal furnace helped build his character.*

ILLUSTRATION BY CLARK FRANKEL

There's a lot of good between "Winston...



and should."

Winston tastes good GOOD, like a cigarette should.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The first advertisement for scotch by someone who doesn't touch the stuff.

BY DAVID FROST

"WE'D LIKE YOU to write an insiders' guide to London for all those globe-trotting high-livers who read our advertisements," the Teacher's people said.

"Delighted," I told them. "As long as you don't mind the fact that I only drink wine and haven't touched a drop of Scotch—even Teacher's—in years."

They checked back...no, the Teacher's people back in Scotland were very tolerant individuals...the thought of publishing the first advertisement for Scotch by someone who doesn't touch the stuff quite appealed to them, and anyway they needed the guide to London.

So here goes:

The capital of England is now in Switzerland—according to the gnomes. But London still goes on from strength to strength...London, city of trim mod beauties with long flowing hair, tight waists, ornamental handbags and rose-bud lips. And the girls look pretty good, too. American men always think that British girls are reserved. That's not true. But it is difficult to book one at the last minute.

The great buildings and monuments of London seem more impressive than ever...There is Cleopatra's Needle which is 69 ft. high...Cleopatra had *very* bad eyesight...

Covent Garden where with admirable town planning opera singers and tomatoes are placed side by side...

The house in Grays Inn where Charles Dickens wrote Little Dorrit and the house in Old Compton Street where Little Dorrit wrote him back again...not to mention the memorials to King Henry the Eighth, the original host of Queen for a Day, and to Anne Boleyn, the first English Queen to go topless.

And so to Westminster Abbey where the famous men of Britain's past lie buried, and the Houses of Parliament where the famous men of Britain's present lie buried.

And then there's the food.

Sometimes, when people say that English cooking is some of the best there is, they mean that London has some of the best French, Italian and Chinese restaurants in the world...but that's not altogether fair.

Nevertheless, food in London can be an unforgettable experience. It's difficult to pick the number one restaurant but, if any three from Keats, Le Gavroche, Le Coq d'Or, Chez Solange, Parkes, Carrier's and the Connaught Hotel figure somewhere on your list, you will have eaten better than anywhere else in Europe.

Europe, incidentally, is not a subject you will find on everybody's lips in London.

The Market as such remains decidedly Common; 'Europe' is still by definition a place that does not include England; and Hell to an Englishman is still a place where the Germans are the police, the Swedish are the comedians, the Italians are the defense force, Frenchmen dig the roads, the Belgians are the pop singers, the Spanish run the railways, the Turks cook the food, the Irish are the waiters, the Greeks run the government, and the common language is Dutch.

The number one exclusive store in London is still a title shared by Aspreys and Harrods—though it's no longer true that you can walk into Harrods and buy an elephant...you can walk in and *order* an elephant—the number one tailor is Doug Hayward, the number one department store is Marks and Spencer, the number one clubs are Annabel's and the White Elephant, and, whichever statistics you look at, the number one Scotch is Teacher's.

And how's that for a happy ending?

86 Proof Scotch Whisky. Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. © Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers